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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

OF the five points which have been submitted by the Government (according to Mr. Maxton's account of the matter) to the Opposition parties as a suggested basis for an agreed scheme of anti-Fascist legislation, only one seems certainly to be directed against Fascism. It is to be hoped that this proposal—to prohibit organisations of a military character and the wearing of uniform and drilling—will be carried through. Of the other proposals, one is for the authorities to take powers to prohibit large bodies of people marching from outside into a town when such a march threatens disorder. But a march which causes reasonable men to fear a breach of the peace is already illegal. Moreover, marches of this kind are not part of Fascist tactics. Secondly, the Government suggests taking the power to ban meetings which are designed "to interfere with the transaction of public business or which threaten clashes between different sections of the population." But indoor meetings can scarcely interfere with public business and outdoor meetings are already subject to control if they are likely to involve a breach of the peace or constitute an obstruction. Thirdly, the Government seeks powers to enable chief constables to control the routes of processions—powers which the Police Commissioners already have in town areas and which they seem unlikely to need in rural districts.

Police and Public Meetings

The final suggestion is far more important. It relates to the extension of police powers at public meetings. Until the advent of Sir Oswald Mosley, the law seemed reasonably clear. The police entered a public meeting as soon as a breach of the peace occurred. It was not until Olympia that they developed scruples about interfering with a meeting which had obviously ceased to be a political discussion and become a scene of violence. Olympia showed not that the police lacked authority, but that they might fail to use it where Fascists were concerned. Reports of an incident only last week in Glamorgan suggest that where Communists are concerned the police are prepared to put a much more generous interpretation on their right to enter a public meeting. In this case, the police entered the meeting before it had commenced, and refused to leave at the request of the chairman. The chairman then went to the police station, entered a protest and again asked that the police should be withdrawn. On getting no satisfaction, he returned and put the question to the meeting. Upon an overwhelming vote that the constables should be removed, he ordered the stewards to expel them. Whereupon a large force of police which had been waiting outside entered the hall and prevented the stewards carrying out the orders of the chairman. There is certainly something that needs clearing up here. Either the police already have power to enter a meeting without the permission of the chairman—which means that the proposed Government legislation is unnecessary—

or else the police acted, on this occasion, in a flagrantly illegal fashion. It is, in any case, unfortunately clear that the police now interpret their duty in regard to Communist meetings differently from their duty towards Fascist ones.

Fascists and Communists

It is of the utmost importance that the public should understand what is involved in this question of anti-Fascist legislation. There is at least a danger of large-scale disorder in Hyde Park when the Fascists hold their demonstration on September 9th and the whole situation is in some respects unpleasantly reminiscent of the early period of the growth of the Nazi movement in Germany. None of the later developments are necessary if we understand now. So far the attitude of the British Government resembles that of previous German Governments and the attitude of the official Labour Party is a replica of that of the Social Democrats. With the leading idea that Fascists ought not to be "given an excuse," the German Government suppressed the various bodies which actively opposed Fascism without suppressing Fascism itself. The actual result was that when the anti-Fascist Government had driven the enemies of Fascism from the field, the Fascists destroyed the Government itself. The Social Democrats, anxious like the Labour Party to prevent disorder, co-operated with the Government and were the first sufferers in the common disaster. The motives of the Labour Party in denouncing those who are determined to organise a counter-demonstration to the Fascists on September 9th are quite understandable. But it seems to be forgotten that thousands of people who hate Fascism will in any case go to Hyde Park and that the chances of disorder may be greater if Communist groups are left alone to react to the taunts that always come from Fascist platforms, than if Labour itself were to organise a simultaneous demonstration. In estimating the provocation of this large uniformed rally the Government might well bear in mind that September 9th is the eve of the Jewish New Year, one of the most important and sacred of Jewish festivals.

The Opposition to Hitler

The propaganda which preceded the Hitler Presidential plebiscite surpassed in vehemence and extent any propagandist effort that the world has ever known. Apart from the full blast of the subservient wireless and press, a double house-to-house canvass with warnings against the danger of not voting was carried out throughout Germany. To add to Hitler's popularity a last-minute "amnesty" of some of the untried victims of the recent "round-up" was declared, official accounts of Hitler's glorious life were printed throughout Germany, and a broadcast arranged in which Major Oscar Hindenburg spoke of Hitler as the man whom his father had long thought of as his successor. In the circumstances, when every vote of abstention required physical courage as well as independence of mind, the vote of four millions against Hitler, and the two million abstentions and 800,000 spoilt ballot papers are of real significance. The surprise felt by the Nazi leaders at the size of this opposition was at once reflected in a statement by Hitler himself. What exactly he meant by his words about converting the dissentients we do not know. What new "ruthlessness" may be expected we can only conjecture. What we are sure of is that no measures Hitler can take will suffice to prevent disillusionment and bitterness spreading fast during the privations that Germany faces during the coming winter.

Italy's Protectorate

The visit of Chancellor Schuschnigg on Tuesday to the Duce at Florence has doubtless reaffirmed the military protectorate of Italy over Austria. That has become one of the salient, permanent bases of the European system, since Italian troops were concentrated in the Brenner Pass during the Rintelen Putsch to cope with the expected incursion of Hitler's Austrian Legion. The unusually subtle wording of the official communiqué seems to mean that in future Italy will always defend Austria's so-called "independence" in precisely this same way. There was, we are told, community of views both as to principle and method as regards the independence of the Austrian State, and the arrangements made by Dr. Dollfuss will govern the future also. That there is any written military "alliance"—i.e., rules regulating such armed interventions to maintain the pro-Italian party in office—is less certain. If they exist, they are not for publication. Italian experience in the case of her other protectorate, Albania, taught her that open and visible fetters of this kind have their disadvantages, since they render her over-lordship additionally unpopular in the vassal country. That an arrangement exists of the kind known to diplomatists as "verbal" (meaning one whose existence can be denied) is, however, probable enough. It is said to provide that Austrians shall command the Italian troops in any operations on Austrian territory. The more intimately inspired Fascist press stressed the association of the meeting with the Italian manoeuvres: the relationship is primarily military. The possible extension to the Little Entente of the preferential trading that links Italy with Austria and Hungary was also discussed. But evidently Czechoslovakia alone is meant, for Jugoslavia is now, like Poland, almost an outwork of the German system, though both are nominal allies of France. Finally, cultural relations are to be developed, meaning chiefly the exchange of teachers.

Malta's Language

Two "letters patent," issued as a proclamation by the Governor, raise the status of Maltese as the official language of Malta. Hitherto Italian has been the language of record of the law courts: Maltese will now take its place as the language of all legal proceedings, save that English or Italian may be used, when a party knows no Maltese. English, however, remains the official language of the administration. Whether this dualism is wholly convenient or logical one need not discuss: it answers to the facts. Malta is a British naval fortress enjoying intermittent periods of partial autonomy. The official reckoning is that only 15 per cent. of the population understand Italian; we are not told what percentage of the educated Italianate class, e.g., the lawyers, knows Maltese. There will, doubtless, be furious protests in the Italian press, and also (in so far as the Imperial authority permits), in the clerical middle-class press of Malta. But the mass of the population (including the organised workers), will doubtless be well pleased. This most interesting but neglected Semitic dialect may,

however, need some tinkering before it becomes a suitable vehicle for legal or scientific use.

"Foiling the Reds" in the U.S.A.

President Roosevelt has always claimed that the "New Deal" is attempting to hold the balance even between employers and workers; but even if that is his personal intention he does not appear to be very successful in enforcing it upon his collaborators. Despite the promises made under the N.R.A., employers in most industries seem still to be getting away with their refusal to recognise Trade Unionism, except of the "company union" variety; and State and municipal authorities are still allowed without hindrance or even rebuke to use the "thug" methods which have become the accepted way of dealing with "radicals" in too many parts of the United States. According to all the evidence that has reached us, both from the newspapers and from observers on the spot, the methods used in dealing with the recent labour troubles in San Francisco have gone beyond the worst excesses associated with 100 per cent. Americanism. Raids on supposed "radicals" have not been confined to searching for documents; they have included the deliberate smashing up of the home in order to teach its owner a lesson and give him a sharp foretaste of further favours to come. The methods used are in some cases reminiscent of Herr Hitler's faithful hooligans, some of whose leaders he shot the other day. Doubtless, many Americans who do not usually like violence will shrug their shoulders as long as these outrages are confined to alleged "Reds." But what is a "Red," in the fevered imaginations of the Mayor of San Francisco and the politicians of California? Apparently, the term is wide enough to have been applied to Ramon Navarro and other leading film stars!

America Joins the I.L.O.

While a state of war exists on the home front, American radicals are scarcely likely to be comforted by the announcement that America has now definitely joined the International Labour Organisation, and will be entitled to a permanent seat on its Governing Body. The terms of America's adhesion explicitly rule out any obligation to adhere to the League of Nations itself, or to accept the League's authority. But they will be generally regarded as bringing the United States substantially nearer to full membership of the League. For the I.L.O., it must be on the whole an advantage to have the United States as a member. But it would be a mistake to look for any large practical results. The American employers will reinforce the most reactionary section of the I.L.O.; and American Labour representatives drawn from the A.F. of L. will hardly be either advanced or very helpful. Labour legislation is still in America mainly a matter for the separate States, over which the Federal Government has no authority. The special powers enjoyed by the Federal Government under the "New Deal" are emergency powers, granted only for a limited period; and if the United States were to sign and seek under Federal authority to implement most of the I.L.O.'s conventions there would certainly be trouble before long with the Supreme Court. For the moment, President Roosevelt will doubtless urge the I.L.O. to adopt an advanced policy, even if he cannot be bound by it. But this attitude is not likely to be very effective in persuading other Governments; nor can we assume that the United States will remain lastingly on the side of industrial "progressivism."

The Herring Rationalised

The herring industry is the latest beneficiary, or victim, of a projected scheme of rationalisation *à la Elliot*. The report just issued, in which this scheme is proposed, has a familiar ring. There is to be a small Board to reorganise the industry, with residual trading powers in case of need; but for the most part the trade is to be left in private hands. There is to be a fund for buying up and scrapping "redundant" vessels, and the State is to be asked to contribute a small subsidy to this fund. Apart from this, the Board, which is to have extensive borrowing powers, is to finance itself by levies upon the various sections of the industry—including a levy on curers, which is apparently to be used for subsidising exports at the home consumer's expense. A system of licensing is to be introduced for both fishing and dealing, and salesmen are to be under the authority of the Board and to be forbidden to buy themselves. In short, the scheme is of the familiar type, in that it aims at eliminating "redundant" producers, and that the consumers seem likely to be called upon to foot the bill. Admittedly, the herring industry has been passing through a very bad time. The demand for its products has been greatly reduced and the existing fleets consist largely of very old vessels, which their owners cannot afford to replace. It is clear that capital will not be lent by private investors for this purpose unless its earning power is improved by limiting competition and, if necessary, making the consumer pay. Hence the scheme, probably not a bad one, within the limits of capitalist ideas of rationalisation, but affording yet another lesson in the restrictiveness inherent in those ideas.

Zones of Silence

On Monday London is to begin its "silent" period for motor-horns, from 11 p.m. It is not necessary to take the cynical view that "a few more deaths and injuries do not matter so long as the rest of us are saved from nervous prostration" in order to believe that the experiment is thoroughly worth making. A similar regulation has been in force in Paris for some time with considerable success. London is not Paris: the English temperament runs to less exuberance than the Gallic in the matter of virtuosity on that deadly instrument, the hooter; but London is noisy enough in all conscience, and only when the ban is imposed will people discover quite how penetrative a part the horn plays in the general uproar. Experience may prove the need of introducing exceptions, but it will not be surprising to find motorists themselves blessing the change before long and acknowledging its good effects on their driving. The new regulation will call for more caution all round. No doubt we shall always have jay-walkers with us, but a good deal more might be done to diminish street-slaughter if other cities were to follow the good example of Sunderland, where widespread publicity campaigns and the enlistment of the active co-operation of citizens have reduced the number of fatalities to nil.

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STORM OVER ASIA?

THE actions of the present rulers of Japan in Manchuria are of interest for the worst of all possible reasons. Ugly in themselves, they attract attention because they may be a prelude to something immeasurably worse. This is not the first time that the Government of Manchukuo has arrested several Russian officials of the Chinese Eastern Railway on charges that seem on the face of them fantastic. Such neighbourly acts are habitual in these latitudes, and the present affair differs from previous cases only in so far as the unfortunate officials are more numerous and of higher rank than usual. The explanation which has hitherto sufficed is unpleasant but not alarming. The Russians realised long ago that this railway, running across territory which is in all but name a Japanese colony, had become strategically useless, while its economic value depended on a negative quantity—Japanese good will. They have, therefore, offered to sell it, but cannot as yet bring themselves to accept the almost negligible sum that the Japanese offer. These habitual acts of interference, of which only the most serious even figure in the news, are presumably designed to persuade Moscow to surrender the line at a nominal figure. It is, in short, a process of confiscation without compensation so devised that it does not offend the capitalist conscience of Tokio. If that is all, it is a nasty episode, interesting only as a reminder of the anarchy that prevails in the world. An effective system of international organisation would have insisted long ago on the fixing of a reasonable purchase price by arbitration. But had such a system existed, Manchuria would still be a Chinese province.

To this degree of anarchy the world is adjusting itself, by the familiar process of building aerodromes and warships. Unfortunately these Japanese exercises admit of a rather graver explanation. They may be designed to aggravate the relations of the Soviet Union with Japan, until the mutual snarling and suspicion results in the war which every student of Japanese policy believes that it contemplates in the not very distant future. The Lytton Commission took this to be the chief of the motives that led the Japanese to appropriate Manchuria. Their prompt construction of strategical railways has in the interval written this purpose legibly across the map. One had supposed that several years might pass before they had digested this extensive conquest and converted it into a serviceable base for further operations. That relatively comfortable reckoning may be too optimistic: their work in subjugating and "developing" Manchuria has been, if friendly observers may be trusted, both rapid and efficient. They know that Russian air-power, formidable though it is to-day, is rapidly increasing. They doubtless know, as all the world does, that drought has added to Moscow's anxieties; they may exaggerate its possible effects in lessening its capacity to resist attack. The technique of Japanese statecraft, when it intends to set its military machine in motion, is sufficiently familiar. It finds a bomb near its outposts, or it discovers that a portion of a railway line is torn up. We recall the mythical railway outrage that was the excuse for the invasion of Manchuria. One asks, therefore, whether the arrest of forty Russian railway officials accused of such acts as these has the usual significance in the sign-language of Japanese diplomacy. "Not this time," one hopes and argues. For experience shows that the bomb is placed, or the rails torn up, only when the Japanese are ready, on the spot, to advance in overwhelming numbers. Of that there is no sign. But one cannot dwell on the negative evidence too cheerfully. Morally the relations of these two Powers mean anything but peace; they will spell war when the Japanese think the time propitious. The Soviet Union, bent on its own work of internal construction, will endure without retaliation, as it has in the past, pin-pricks, insults, injuries and losses that no other Great Power would stomach. It will never go to war for a point of "honour." But an invasion it certainly would resist.

This situation the Great Powers and the League have watched without evidence of interest. Japan has rejected the mutual pact of non-aggression that the Russians proposed. Neither side has suggested mediation, and probably there is no Power whose friendly offices would be acceptable to both. We cannot, after the Manchurian affair, suggest the mobilisation of the world's public opinion without raising a bitter smile. It would not check the Japanese so long as it remained platonic, nor can we be wholly sure that the world's governments would be very emphatic or unanimous even in a verbal protest against a Japanese attack on Communist Russia. On as much as this, perhaps, she might count, when she is a member of the League, but hardly on direct help. That, we gather, is not the reckoning that has induced her to become a candidate for League membership. She does not hope that Geneva will do more for her in the Far East than it did for China. Her reckoning is rather that the League mechanism, reinforced by the "Eastern Locarno," may avail to localise the war in Asia. In plain words she hopes to protect her rear in Europe, while her front must face Japan. In the worst event it should deter the Germans and the Poles from attempting an adventure in the Ukraine while Russia is occupied in the Far East. On a still more cheerful reckoning it may deter the Japanese also, since they may not be sure of their ability to cope with the powerful air force of the Red Army, without the aid of a German diversion in Europe.

The "Locarno" plan is capable of realisation in two very different forms. If the Germans had welcomed it, if they had agreed with a show of enthusiasm to sign the pact of non-aggression and mutual defence, and if the Poles had acted in the same spirit, it might have brought an interval of relative confidence and appeasement to Europe. The defect of the plan is the flaw that may be urged against the whole usage and mechanism of Geneva. In effect it stabilises the *status quo*, it guarantees every frontier however ill-drawn, and every arrangement however unfortunate that had behind it the sanction of the Versailles Powers. It forbids any warlike attempt at a remedy, but it opens no new door to peaceful change. There can be no equality in a pact of non-aggression between sated and dissatisfied Powers. On the other hand, it may be said that if once the fears of early war could be banished, if even formal peace were assured for ten years, there is a possibility that diplomacy might use the opportunity to face at least the less tangled of the problems of revision. Some tolerable solution of the armament problem might at least be reached: confidence would bring an economic revival, and in the new atmosphere the aggravated nationalism of recent years would

gradually grow milder and readier to make concessions. It is difficult to feel much confidence in this amiable argument. Apart altogether from the technique of Locarno, appeasement and revision in Europe have become far more difficult to believe in since the recent massacres in Germany have taught even the gullible to see in the elected Führer of a nation of sixty millions a man whom one cannot rank with the sane.

Whatever the merits of the Eastern Locarno in its wider form may be, the chances seem slight that it will be realised. One need not speculate as to whether any inducement in the shape of a licence to rearm would induce Hitler to sign the pact and return to Geneva. There is no reason to suppose that the French are ready to bargain. Their efforts have been concentrated on Warsaw, and as yet without success. The Polish business world has for several years been dissatisfied with the support that it receives from Parisian finance. Loans do not flow with the old facility, and sundry enterprises, notably a railway from Gdynia to the Silesian coalfield, have been starved of the promised support. M. Barthou has made his effort to bring Warsaw back to its old place as an ally, and apparently he has failed. Was it merely that he failed to pay enough, or was it that Berlin had already secured its footing? These two appear to march in step, and one asks with some anxiety whether the suspicion (for which we quoted a considerable body of evidence at the time of the German-Polish Pact) is well founded—that they are in some sense secret allies, who may at a propitious moment act together to realise the Hugenberg-Rosenberg plan of a conquest of the Ukraine. If that suspicion has any substance, an Eastern Locarno, without Polish or German participation, offers a frail buttress to peace. To localise this threatening war in the Far East may not now be the easiest of tasks. Europe, as it faces this future, has reason to curse anew the cowardice and pettiness that failed to check Japan in her first Manchurian enterprise.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE ECONOMIC OUTLOOK

THE past two years have shown the enormous reserves of strength which lie behind the British economic machine. Great Britain may have largely lost her creative power, her ability to defy competition in the great majority of her exporting trades, her skill at keeping abreast of the changing currents of demand. She may have become hidebound in her trading methods, and less ready to adapt her industrial organisation to changing needs. But she has behind her the results of more than a century's domination of world trade and finance, and this has conferred upon her a reserve power which has shown its value in helping her through the most severe economic crisis of modern times.

Thus—to take but one example—it had been dinned into all of us that the maintenance of British prosperity was bound up with faithfulness to the gold standard. Depart from this, and the City would be ruined, and with the City's prosperity would go our hold over a large part of our export trade. Yet we have been now nearly three years off gold, and the City, so far from being ruined, appears to be a good deal better off than the corresponding financial groups in other leading countries, whether they are on or off the gold standard. The City has suffered losses: how could it not, in a world where default has become an everyday event? But it has suffered remarkably little in relation to the severity of the crisis which it has been through.

Or take our industries. We have, indeed, still more than two million unemployed workers—which alone should be enough to prevent any feeling of complacency. But the power of our industries to provide employment has undoubtedly increased since the worst period of the depression, despite the sharp fall in the volume of our foreign trade. Industrial activity is now back at an average level as high as that which existed before the crisis began in 1929, and has been still on the whole improving in recent months. Of course, that is very far from being enough; for we need, in order to preserve normal conditions, a rate of improvement of at least two or three per cent. a year, and there would be all that leeway to be made up even if we had not been suffering seriously from unemployment before 1929. Nevertheless, in view of what has been happening in most other countries, British capitalism has done relatively well to restore even the pre-crisis level of economic activity. If it could rely on maintaining the recent rate of advance for the future, and on profiting in addition by any improvement in economic conditions over the world as a whole, it would have nothing much to grumble about.

But can it rely on this? The answer to that question cannot be found except by considering the source of the advances made so far. Even the most cursory study of the facts makes it plain that these have been due to the expansion of demand in the domestic market. We have increased our output of goods and services, in face of a sharp decline in most of our leading exports, by producing more for home use.

Long before the world crisis began we had urged again and again that the changed economic conditions over the world as a whole forbade us to expect that we could go on exporting as high a proportion of our industrial output as in the past. We based this view partly on the growth of economic nationalism, leading to the fostering of domestic industries in other countries by high protective tariffs, but still more on two other factors—the unlikelihood of our being able, in face of modern highly mechanised methods, to maintain over rival producers the long lead in efficiency which we formerly enjoyed; and the change in the relative demand for the classes of exports on which we had mainly specialised, and for newer types for which we had shown no special aptitude. We might hope gradually to adapt our industrial structure to securing a share in this developing market, gradually to improve our efficiency in production and still more in marketing methods, and perhaps gradually to persuade a large number of countries to modify the more extravagant of their protective duties. But not all these things would enable us to look forward to an export trade advancing at a rate equal to the advance in our productive capacity.

We should have, therefore, to seek larger outlets in the domestic market, while using every possible effort to hold and develop export trade; for development for home consumption would continue to require a large import of raw materials as well as foodstuffs. Nor could we afford to restrict our imports in order to produce more at home, both because we could not import less without reducing our foreign customers' purchasing power, and because what was needed was not to substitute home products for imports, nearly so much as to make additional home production a means to raising the standard of life.

The world crisis modified for a time the conditions postulated by this argument. In the first place, it made the demand for our exports depend for the time being a good deal less on the magnitude of our current imports than on other forces. Secondly, it made our free trade market temporarily a dumping ground for foreign exporters anxious to get rid of their goods at almost any price. And thirdly, by facing us with a more than doubled number of unemployed, it made us eager, in face of a very inelastic foreign market, to divert our home products to home use.

At this point we did, by going off the gold standard and deliberately forcing down the external value of sterling—a course we might never have adopted if we had not been driven to it for the moment by the crisis of 1931—present our exporters with a substantial advantage which enabled them, if not to

expand sales, at any rate to avoid a much sharper fall. But this could of itself make no contribution to actual recovery; for the foreign markets could not and would not absorb more goods. Accordingly, we resorted at the same time to a protective tariff, designed nominally at first to shut out "abnormal" imports, but soon converted openly into a method of securing to British producers an enlarged share of the domestic market. Later, Mr. Walter Elliot followed with his schemes for expanding home agricultural output, mainly at the cost of the domestic consumer.

These measures did increase domestic output, but by limiting imports and not by providing additional goods for consumption. And especially in the case of agriculture, which is not, like iron and steel, normally an exporting industry, they soon led to an attempt to raise domestic production much above the level which it could have been expected to reach under free trade conditions, even if there had been no world crisis.

This distinction is important. In the case of iron and steel we can argue that we are attempting by protection so to enlarge the home market as to make it, *plus* the remaining export trade, as nearly as we can equal to what the smaller home and larger export trade would have been if the world slump had not occurred. To the extent to which this is true, the protection can be defended by free traders as an emergency measure, to be removed as soon as the world market returns to normal. But Mr. Elliot is definitely seeking to increase pig production, milk production, and so on, to considerably higher levels than they would have reached apart from the crisis; and there is accordingly far more likelihood of protection being needed permanently if these levels are to be maintained.

If the result of Mr. Elliot's measures is mainly to decrease our imports of the products of which we produce more at home, we are bound to feel the effect both in a permanent decline of exports and in losses on our overseas investments in the countries chiefly affected. If we buy much less from Argentine, Denmark, and the West Indies, to say nothing of New Zealand and Australia, the purchasing power of these countries is bound to decline—especially Denmark and the West Indies, which can hardly hope to find attractive markets. But this need not happen if the additional home production is balanced by additional home consumption of the goods in question.

This cannot happen if the home production is stimulated by the method of raising prices to the consumer. As prices rise in relation to the prices of other goods, the consumers will use less and not more of the protected commodities. It is therefore indispensable, if we are to increase home production, to keep the prices of the goods where output is increased low in relation to the prices of other goods, and also to select for stimulation commodities for which we can hope to create an expanding market.

Failing this, the stimulus which our protective policy can administer is bound to be limited to the displacement of imports, with some fall in total consumption of the higher prices. In the exceptional circumstances of the past two years it has been possible to increase domestic output substantially within these limiting conditions; but it seems highly probable that we have almost reached the point at which no further increase can be secured in this way. If that view is correct, the prophecies of continued and more rapid advance which are now widely current are certainly doomed to disappointment unless there occurs a marked improvement in economic conditions over the rest of the world.

We have in fact nearly reached the point at which we can no longer expand home production by producing things to sell dearer than we could buy them in the world market. We can still expand the output of some goods in this way; but our doing so will only reduce the consumers' standard of living and react on our export trade. If we want a further expansion of total output we must seek it either in the world market or by lowering the costs of making and delivering to the consumer the things we can produce at home; for only in this way can we hope to expand the total size of the market.

It follows that the protective policy which we are at present following, under the plea of national security, can be justified only if the most stringent control is ensured over the policy and organisation of the protected industries and the trades which distribute their products. Protection is notoriously liable to lead to inefficiency; but it can be justified only if it is so administered as to be made conditional on everything possible being done to increase efficiency. In not one of our present schemes of protection is this condition being even plausibly satisfied. Mr. Elliot has been almost openly scornful of the consumers' protests against high prices; and the iron and steel trades have been allowed to get away with a "scheme of reorganisation" in which hardly anyone even pretends to believe. Great Britain has shown how far her immense reserve power has enabled her to shield herself against the more extreme effects of the world slump. She has shown that, in the crisis, home production can be largely maintained by the displacement of imports. But she has so far given no sign of a power to adapt herself to a world situation in which even world recovery will leave in being the need for an expanding home market for domestic products, which will have to be sold at prices which consumers can afford to pay without having to contract their purchases. It has been possible so far to avoid facing this issue; but in the very near future it will have to be faced.

A LONDON DIARY

SEVERAL readers have taken me to task for my remark that "there is certainly something pathetic in the devotion of European missionaries who give up their lives to spreading among savages 'truths' which their more civilised compatriots have, for the most part, rejected." The *Church Times* is very angry. In a paragraph headed "Gibes at missionaries" it remarks that

> The suggestion that the truths of the Christian religion are untrue in the opinion of most civilised persons is impertinent nonsense. The readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION surely have the right to expect from its staff the knowledge of such an outstanding fact as that missionaries generally succeed in convincing savages of the truth of their religion by the beauty of their lives.

Now I should not dream of gibing at missionaries, and I respect anyone, missionary or otherwise, who can convince people of the truth of his faith by the beauty of his life. Some missionaries are certainly entitled to this high praise. But the *Church Times* really cannot be allowed to get away with this pompous balderdash. As representatives of various warring sects missionaries do not only strive to exemplify the supremacy of Christian ethics by personal saintliness. We have the evidence of innumerable squabbles, from the Kikuyu affair downwards, that they carry their doctrinal differences into the mission field. And I am perfectly justified in saying that the majority of educated people in Western Europe do not accept the official doctrines of the churches. In this country, for instance, if we take the number of Communicants rather than the nominal membership of the churches, we find that only a small minority of the country are practising believers, and out of these I have found in conversation that many whom I should call sincere Christians certainly do reject the doctrines which still serve to divide the various denominations of Christendom both at home and in the mission field. Finally, does any one Christian or non-Christian deny that there is something "pathetic" about missionaries teaching savages the truths of the Sermon on the Mount, when they themselves come from countries which are so far from believing in turning the other cheek that they are at present arming themselves to the teeth in preparation for mutual assassination? Surely nothing is clearer than that the religion of Christ has never been taken seriously at all in Western civilisation.

* * *

I have heard some violent criticisms of Professor Coatman's appointment to run the news side of the B.B.C. I know Mr. Coatman fairly well and have always got on excellently

with him. Some of the criticism is obviously unjust: I do not think Mr. Coatman's appointment heralds any change in the generally liberal attitude adopted by the B.B.C. to news and topical talks, and from what I hear of the probable appointments of foreign and home editors to handle the news day by day I should think we are for the moment reasonably safe. At all events, criticism should await events. At the same time, I appreciate the reasons for alarm in the appointment of an ex-police official to a key position in the B.B.C. Mr. Coatman himself never seems to me to have any very definite political opinions apart from a sentimental and almost religious attachment to the Empire. Since his return from India and his appointment at the London School of Economics he has been a stalwart upholder of "Irwinism." The coming struggle over India may have been in the minds of those who appointed him. I admit that his record does not make his qualifications for the post very obvious—unless one considers it a qualification that he was for a time in charge of propaganda in India and made a very curious speech on a Bill for preventing the expenditure of foreign money on subversive propaganda. He seemed at that time to confuse Socialism with Communism and to think that articles about the celebrations of the tenth anniversary of the Soviet regime in the Indian press must have been paid for with "Russian gold." But I think he has learnt a lot in England and that he is unlikely to confuse the British with the Indian public.

* * *

I have just had a long conversation with Yousef Bey who must certainly be one of the most energetic propagandists for his country to be found anywhere. He is an important civil servant, permanently rather out of favour, I gather, as a nephew of Zaghlul Pasha, and his propaganda for Egypt is, so to speak, his private affair. But he has an excellent start as the man who organised the co-operative movement to break the profiteering ramp in Egypt after the war, and who was thanked by the Egyptian Government for bringing down prices by 40 per cent. in three months. At the moment he is most excited about encouraging tourist traffic. His idea, which he has already tried out successfully in Egypt, is that good and cheap accommodation can be provided anywhere once a tourist agency has an organisation which can provide hotels with just the right number of visitors for the right length of time to help them out when they are slack. He ridicules the few thousand pounds spent by the British Government on tourist propaganda, comparing it with the hundreds of thousands spent by France and Germany, and argues that if only the Government and the railway companies and the hotels would realise their opportunity it would not be difficult to make England one of the first tourist centres in the world. He wants crowds of the middle-class English people to be able to afford to travel in Egypt and crowds of middle-class Egyptians to come to England. He says that we altogether fail to appreciate the attractions of an English climate to people who usually see nothing but blue sky and scorching sun. I shall expect to see Egyptian papers soon carrying huge advertisements: "Visit glorious Britain where it is always cloudy and usually raining."

* * *

Rumour, always lively in the silly season, is assiduously putting it about that *Life and Letters* is going to die. I hasten to contradict this. The fact is that *Life and Letters* has now passed into the ownership of Messrs. Constable, and that instead of dying it is about to enter upon what I hope will prove an exciting new period of life. I gather that we shall be told all about the September issue next week. *Life and Letters* has always had a distinctive and distinguished niche of its own. I wonder, for instance, how many people remember that one of its issues was devoted to the publication, almost complete, of "High Wind in Jamaica" in days when Mr. Richard Hughes was still obscure? I shall watch the development of *Life and Letters* with great interest. I have always thought it could do with more "life" in proportion to the "letters."

I have heard many explanations, flattering and the reverse, of the important part played by this island in history. But Mr. H. A. Sullivan, in a long letter printed in last Tuesday's *Times*, brings forward a hypothesis new to me. He adduces in its support the evidence of "Golab Shah, an Afghan Chief." I should like to know more of this potentate. Mr. Sullivan quotes him as saying:

> The destiny of the British race and nation will be a glorious one. The English will rule the world, because no other nation will prevail against her people. They have the thing of priceless value—Jacob's pillar—as a Coronation Stone, and that makes their destiny great.

In a postscript to his letter, Mr. Sullivan adds:

> I have purposely adhered to the historical side and avoided the legendary and controversial side. Many believe, the writer among them, that the stone in the Coronation Chair dates back to *circa* 1732 B.C.

I dare say the stone dates back even further—stones are often millions of years old. But how nice is the accuracy which makes Mr. Sullivan pick from the unmapped desert of prehistory the date 1732 rather than 1730 or even 1740! And how prudent to qualify his calculation by "*circa*"!

* * *

I heard the details the other day of an interesting incident which illustrates the fact that a bureaucrat to-day must be more than a bureaucrat if he is to succeed with the kind of problems set him by modern society. Some time ago a group of Welsh miners were brought to London for work in one of the big parks. They set to work in very unsuitable Sunday clothes which did not stand up to a shower of rain. The Ministry of Labour thereupon supplied them with strong working clothes. Immediately they were found to be discontented and miserable and to be working slowly and badly. A Welsh interpreter was called in to solve the mystery. It was quite simple. In their Sunday clothes they had been individuals: in the clothes provided they felt that they were in uniform and conspicuous, as though they were a gang of convicts on show in the West End. A set of coloured neckcloths of the most brilliant and varied shades were purchased. Each miner chose the colour he liked. Apparently this was all that was required, for after that everything went swimmingly.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. H. J. Lee.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

"Reds" tried to organise barracking at the Test yesterday to create bad feeling between Australia and England.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

AUSTRIA'S GUARD OF HONOUR FOR VON PAPEN.

LONG TALK WITH PRESIDENT.

YOU ARE VERY WELCOME.

Daily Telegraph headings, August 17th.

VIENNA SNUBS PAPEN.

PRESIDENT SPARES HIM 3 MINUTES.

Daily Express headings, August 17th.

Face Confidence.—A badly shaped nose, outstanding ears, lines around the eyes, or other facial defects can easily destroy your self-confidence. Have them permanently corrected by the well-known specialist.—Advert. in daily paper.

Japan has been called the Britain of the East. In every sense that description is happy.—*Daily Telegraph* Special Supplement on Japan and Manchukuo.

God-daughter of Author "Church's One Foundation," would be glad to hear of some one to share her Superior House. Garage. Garden.—Advert.

On the right of the picture may be seen the beginning of a chute from the pool to the sea. All the younger male guests are expected to slide down it.

Those who are wise wear very complete bathing suits, as the chute is of concrete and the flow of water not always excessive.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Hiking also serves certain purposes more closely connected with the possibility of a resort to political violence. . . . It makes workers physically fit, and accustoms them to making long marches in a straggling formation, well adapted to avoid machine-gun fire from aeroplanes.—*The Spectator.*

Mrs. Cunningham-Reid has brought back from her American travels a dish of lightly-grilled steak and bananas.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Britain owed its supremacy in India to the fact that meat was our staple diet and rice that of India. What would happen if India suddenly adopted a meat diet?—Dr. J. Neil Leitch, reported in *The Times.*

I would draw attention to the excellent, and always well-informed, Church notes that appear once a week in the *Daily Mail.* The writer is evidently a regular reader of *The Church Times.*—*The Church Times.*

. . . The H. G. Wells Society . . . was founded as the basis for a world state, and its members should not forget that they are the coming rulers of mankind.—From the August bulletin of the newly formed H. G. Wells Society.

THIS CRICKET

It is a good many years since the war between the Greeks and the Trojans was fought, and it would possibly have been forgotten altogether by now but for the fact that in the tenth year of the war Achilles, feeling aggrieved, withdrew into his tent and refused to take any further part in the fighting. If he had not ultimately changed his mind, the Trojans might conceivably have won the war. It may be that the Test Matches between England and Australia in some respects lack the grandeur and the high seriousness of the struggle on the plain of Troy. They are, however, taken seriously by a far greater number of serious men, women and children. Many an earnest villager could tell you all about Larwood, and yet, if you spoke to him about Achilles, would imagine that you were talking to him about a racehorse. The fame of Bradman has long since outrun that of Hector. Hence one may be pardoned for likening this season's Test Matches without Larwood to a Trojan War in which Achilles took no further part. The position was even worse than this. It was as if the Trojan War had gone on, with Achilles kicking his heels in one tent and Agamemnon kicking his in another. An English side which—no matter who was to blame—did not include Larwood and Jardine was obviously a side deprived of its greatest leader and its greatest fighter.

It is natural in such circumstances to blame the M.C.C. The M.C.C. is a much-hated body, exclusive and conservative; and the democracy of cricket has about as much affection for it as the political democracy had for the House of Lords before its veto was removed. I was standing outside the tavern at Lord's one afternoon during the second Test Match when a tall young man in a soft hat began talking to me. I praised something Bradman had done, and the young man with a bitter look said: "I hope to God the Australians will win." "Oh," I said, "you're an Australian?" "No," he replied, "I'm an Englishman, and, what's more, a loyal Englishman and a good Conservative, as I'm sure *you* are. But I hope to God the Australians will win." "Why?" I asked him. He jerked his thumb over towards the Pavilion. "Those swine in there," he said. "You mean the Selection Committee?" I asked. "No," he said, "all those swine in there. I hate the look of them." I glanced over to where the members of the M.C.C. were sitting in great contentment of soul in their sacred enclosure, and they certainly looked well fed and pleased with fate. It is not yet a crime to look well fed and pleased with fate, however, and I wondered whether the young man was not simply suffering from envy because these rosy gentlemen all had seats by right, while he was compelled to stand. At the same time, I concluded that he was probably like thousands of other people who dislike the M.C.C. on much the same principle on which the poet disliked Dr. Fell.

I, myself, have no consuming passion for the M.C.C.; but I doubt whether those critics are justified who rail at it for its failure to put the best English side in the field against the Australians. Few bodies have ever been in a more difficult position than the M.C.C. has been in since the Australian protests against leg-theory bowling began to keep the cables hot during the last Test Matches. There are logical-minded people who seem to think that it was the duty of the M.C.C. to do one of two things—either to disown and denounce the tactics of Jardine and Larwood or to support them through thick and thin and to go on supporting them to the end of time. I do not think, however, that the situation was quite so simple as that. To appoint Jardine as captain and then, at the first typhoon of criticism, to denounce him to the world as a bad sportsman was obviously impossible: it would itself have been an unsportsmanlike act for a body thousands of miles away from the play criticised. Apart from this, it was no easy thing to come to an immediate decision as to the rights and wrongs of leg-theory bowling. There was clearly a good deal to be said in its favour. The fight between the batsman and the bowler had for some years been going unfairly against the bowler, partly as a result of the unnatural perfection of the modern wicket and partly as a result of a kindly leg-before-wicket rule which allows the batsman to defend his wicket in many cases with his legs instead of his bat. What is called bodyline bowling came into existence only after years of legline batsmanship. It seems to me that whether leg-theory bowling is justified or not, its introduction is bound to do good since it is bringing home to more and more people the absurdity of allowing batsmen to use their pads as well as their bats in defence of the wicket. Leg-theory bowling was invented simply as a method of restoring the balance between the batsman and the bowler.

This was all to the good; but the arguments on the other side were also powerful. The Australians maintained that to allow bodyline bowling was to allow methods of intimidating the batsman into making strokes that would get him out; and expert after expert protested that its general adoption by fast bowlers would make cricket deadly dull. Many people talk as if the Australian dislike of leg-theory was due either to lack of physical courage or to the fact that it was the one means by which they could be beaten. But the objection to dangerous bowling has never been confined to Australia. Hobbs protested years ago against dangerous bowling at the Oval. During the present year Lancashire announced that it would not renew its fixtures with Nottinghamshire. A famous English county captain declared some time ago that if leg-theory bowling became the rule he would go in to bat clad in a suit of armour. Most of the English county captains, I understand, are of the opinion that it is against the interests of cricket to permit it.

In these circumstances the Australians can hardly be accused of lack of sportsmanship in objecting to it. The only graceful thing for the M.C.C. to do was to bow to their objections and to allow leg-theory quietly to disappear. It does not matter how many good arguments there are in favour of leg-theory; what does matter is that if two sides play a game there should be agreement both as to the rules and as to the conventions of the game. England and France have ceased playing each other at Rugby football partly because they disagreed about the conventions of the game; and it was clear that the Test Matches between England and Australia would have had to be abandoned for the same reasons if England persisted in fast leg-theory bowling.

Some people think this would have been a good thing. If we assume that it would not, however, I think the M.C.C. did the right thing in quietly dropping leg-theory, even if it meant leaving Jardine and Larwood out of the team. Critics accuse them of sitting on the fence and of not having the courage to come out with a pronouncement either against it or in its favour. But what would the effect of a hostile pronouncement be except to censure undeservedly a bowler of genius and one of the most courageous captains England had ever had? The M.C.C. rightly take the view that while leg-theory is legitimate according to the rules of cricket it is objectionable in Test Matches, if for no other reason, because the Australians object to it. Such a situation calls for no ruling. It seems to me that the M.C.C. did wisely in acting on the principle: "Least said, soonest mended."

The English cricketing public, so far as I can judge, were of the same mind. They welcomed the Australians on the assumption that the row about leg-theory was all over. Sensational newspapers did their best to stir up trouble again, but the ordinary man had no wish to see bad temper reintroduced into the good-humoured atmosphere of the cricket field. He was sorry for Jardine and Larwood—sorrier, perhaps, for England, who with Jardine and Larwood would very probably have kept the Ashes. But he felt that it was better to lose the Ashes than to lose the temper, and in his heart of hearts he knew that it did not matter a row of pins who won the Ashes, especially in the year 1934.

And he can always console himself for the Australian victory by telling himself that though the Australians won on their merits, being better batsmen, better bowlers, and better fielders, they beat only an English side depleted, out of courtesy, of some of its greatest players. There was something unreal about the whole business, but, at least, the partial restoration of good humour, in spite of the sensationalists, was something real and worth achieving. Y. Y.

THE LIMITATIONS OF MEDICINE

SOME eight centuries ago John of Salisbury said of the practising doctors that "they are dishonest when they give themselves credit for a recovery which is due to time, or rather to the gift of God; for it is due to God and to the natural powers of his constitution that the sick man is raised up." To this kind of criticism doctors have been subjected throughout the ages, but never more than to-day. "Doctors cannot cure cancer"; "doctors cannot cure consumption"; "doctors cannot cure even a common cold." What is the truth in these charges? To what extent does it justify contempt for the medical art?

The popular conception of disease, although it is still shared by the less philosophic members of the medical profession, is fundamentally fallacious. Pathological happenings are as impossible rigidly to classify and delimit as are thoughts and emotions. "Diseases" are not discrete entities; and the names that have been given to different ways of being ill have, for the most part, no other justification than that of technical convenience. Nor are all the manifestations of illness to be looked upon as hostile, however unpleasant they may immediately be. Many "symptoms" are consequent on defensive or protective measures taken by the automatic forces within us—measures aimed at the maintenance, or restoration, of balanced stability.

Scientific medicine cannot outstrip our understanding of the workings of our psycho-physiological machine. As yet, we know extremely little about this machine; and nine-tenths of what we do know has been collected almost within the memory of still living people. When I was a medical student we heard little or nothing about the endocrine secretions; nothing about the vitamins; very little about the mechanism whereby the uniform constitution of the blood is maintained. Speculations as to the relation between emotional happenings and bodily functioning were left to cranks and charlatans. The human body, as we were taught to look upon it, was little more complicated, little more subtle or intricate, than a motor car. We have learnt a great deal since then; and there is every reason to believe that in the next twenty years we shall learn a very great deal more.

In what sense can doctors heal wounds and cure disease? Everyone is familiar with Ambroise Paré's self-deprecatory protest: "I dressed his wounds; God healed him." The most skilful surgeon, observing all the rules of asepsis, applying all the knowledge at his disposal, cannot himself join together the tissues which he so easily separates. Our wounds heal, as the saying goes, of themselves. Applying the fruits of experience and knowledge, the surgeon can facilitate Nature's work by lessening the difficulties to be overcome. Similar are the limits of the physician's power. He, like the surgeon, can help by removing some of the obstacles to the restoration of bodily harmony. The reason why doctors can as yet do comparatively little to overcome the common cold, to arrest the development of cancerous growths, or to cut short an attack of pneumonia is that they do not yet know enough about the circumstances that make these disturbances possible; or about the obstacles which our automatic healing forces have to overcome in order to restore that vibrating balance which is the state of health.

For normal or healthy life is not a static affair. Life, physical and psychological, is characterised by constant action and reaction; by extrusions into environment and self-defensive adaptations to varying environmental intrusions. The unconscious aim of every living object is to preserve its identity—to defend itself from being incorporated into the cosmic mass. We know that, ultimately, so far as the body is concerned, defeat of this aim is inevitable. Diseases strike us as sinister because they threaten to hasten this dissolution. The task of the doctor is to discover and to apply means whereby the adjustive and recuperative powers of the organism may be supported, and the recovery of internal balance facilitated. Not so long ago the physician had at his disposal little but old wives' remedies, the reputation of which was usually based on the crudest observation of occasional sequences. Newer knowledge has demonstrated the soundness of some of these old prescriptions; but most are now recognised for the rubbish they always were. The revolutionary work of Pasteur, and an increased realisation of the part played by the mind and emotions in the causing and in the curing of disease, led to a widespread scepticism as to the potency of all drugs—and, indeed, of most of the methods of traditional therapy. The scepticism was natural—but further study has shown that it, like the superstitions it replaced, rested on unsound foundations. A series of brilliant discoveries, beginning with that of the hormones, has forced us to recognise the fact that it is by means of chemical agents—that is, by drugs—manufactured in our own bodies, that nearly all, if not all, our physical adaptations and healing processes are "spontaneously" carried out. Perhaps the most important and most therapeutically valuable of recent changes in medical thought is the increasing recognition of the intimate relation that exists between emotional states and crudely physiological events. Doctors have always realised that structural pathological aberrations influence emotional reactions. But they had scarcely anticipated that persistent anxiety over money matters or domestic incompatibilities might cause the endocrine cells attached to the pancreas to cease functioning; or the thyroid gland to hypertrophy.

If, therefore, the organism may be said to be constantly engaged in "curing" itself—that is, in restoring its internal balance—the physician who supplements the natural defences, which otherwise might prove inadequate, may justly claim on occasion to play an important part in the curative act. The injection of insulin into a diabetic patient is an instance of such intervention. The "cure" of myxoedema by the administration of thyroid extract and of diphtheria by anti-diphtheria serum are examples equally striking. As we get to know more about other breakdowns in our adaptive

machinery, there is every reason to believe that we shall find means of assisting in their repair—or, better still, of checking the aggressive impacts which over-tax our powers of resistance. It is thanks, mainly, to the discovery of the part played by bacteria in disease, and of the circumstances favourable to the development of these minute enemies, that we have succeeded in stamping out many of the graver epidemic fevers previously common. We do not yet possess adequate knowledge of the circumstances that attend the beginning, and favour the development, of cancerous changes in our cells; when we do, cancer may become a curable or preventable disease. If we look back, and see how slow was the growth of physiological knowledge—from the days of Hippocrates to the later years of the last century, and then contemplate the additions to that knowledge which have been made in the last fifty years, optimism as to the future outlook may well grow. The lamentable thing is that although intelligent doctors have long recognised the limitations of their present-day art, they have not taken the public into their confidence. If they would but lay their cards on the table, where they would be visible to all—not least important, to themselves—we should soon find among the public a clearer understanding of the problems with which the doctor is faced, and of his progressive success in mastering them. The popularity of fallacious heterodoxies is mainly due to the lack of candour which still characterises the orthodox practitioner of medicine. HARRY ROBERTS

Correspondence

HOSPITALS

SIR,—I suppose different people have different standards of grotesqueness, and Mr. Syrett's must be particularly high if he considers that the usual rules controlling the private lives of hospital nurses are not grotesque. Mr. Syrett says that he has never heard of any serious complaint, but the whole training of nurses tends to suppress any rebellious feelings. The routine work, the subservience to doctors and ward sisters, the lack of opportunity for independent action in spite of the responsibilities they are given, and above all the knowledge that any serious effort at reform on the part of an enterprising nurse will probably merely result in her dismissal, are sufficient to discourage the nurses from attempting to effect radical changes.

The "in by 10 o'clock" rule that is in force in most hospitals is a gross example of interference in the nurses' private lives. It is difficult to imagine what can happen to anyone after 10 p.m. that cannot happen before, and if the only object is to ensure an adequate amount of sleep, surely most women who are sufficiently responsible to take up nursing can put themselves to bed at a reasonable hour. (To forestall criticism, I will say now that I know nurses can get leave to stay out late occasionally for a theatre or party, but why should they have to get leave?)

Mr. Syrett states that there is no lack of "brilliant and capable young doctors" applying for any post that falls vacant at his hospital. He does not say if these are temporary, salaried resident appointments, or permanent honorary appointments. Applicants for the former posts probably have been qualified less than three or four years, and are still undergoing general medical training regardless of where their future career lies; for the latter, those who have already embarked upon consultant practice are most likely to apply. It is for the highly qualified, semi-specialised, enthusiastic young doctor in the intermediate stage—general training at various hospitals in England and perhaps abroad completed, a general practitioner's life not considered personally suitable, yet the struggle for patients and money in Harley Street regarded askance—that the L.C.C. competes so strongly. I know several such men permanently and happily established in L.C.C. appointments who would have had a better chance than many of success in Harley Street; and in discussions amongst those who must shortly decide what form their medical life shall take one hears repeatedly, "of course, the L.C.C.'s the thing nowadays." The L.C.C. can offer economic security in a fixed salary, and professional satisfaction in a large field of work—preventive, administrative, clinical, research.

Unfortunately, these golden opportunities are not open to married women doctors, and although Mr. Syrett denies any opposition to medical women in general, this certainly still exists to some extent. It is, however, seldom just "blind" opposition, but a deliberate method of eliminating a certain number of competitors from the professional field.

In case Mr. Syrett should accuse me also of being "obsessed with the idea" of a State Medical Service, I may mention that I thoroughly enjoy working in a voluntary hospital, and that I fully appreciate the benefits and even the advantages of the voluntary system. I do not consider, however, that this debars me from thinking that the system might be improved upon, and, since others agree with me in this, it cannot be said that the system is standing "the test of so many years' experience."

RESIDENT MEDICAL OFFICER
(A London Voluntary Hospital)

CLASSLESS EDUCATION

SIR,—I confess I was rather amused to read in your columns a letter pleading for "classless education," signed "Middle Class." But the whole idea of classless education seems to belong so obviously to the next century or the one after that the confusion of thought was hardly surprising and only helps to show how inapplicable is this delightful ideal to the present day. Under these circumstances I cannot help wondering whether the purge of the civil service which your correspondent suggests would really be beneficial.

"Few," says Middle Class, "except those who come into close contact with the administrative machine, appear to realise how deliberately and how effectively control is kept in the hands of those who have been at the two older universities or how exclusive in their sympathies or narrow in their experience are the administrators thus trained." Here is the old, old jealousy of Oxford and Cambridge. The independence of mind nourished at these universities above all others (mistaken as usual for class arrogance) apparently counts for nothing in the scales against "exclusive sympathies" and "narrow experience," whatever precisely these may mean. How are we to know that administrators drawn from any other educational sources but these two universities would not be just as exclusive in their sympathies and narrow in their experience? Indeed, according to Middle Class, good care ought to be taken that they exclude from their sympathies at any rate all Oxford and all Cambridge. "I am disposed to think," he (or she) says, "that a Labour Government with real power will have to make these exclusive forms of education a definite disqualification for the service of the State." *Vae victis!* Those who have had the best education their country can provide (and for some of them it has literally been provided in the form of State scholarships) are not to be allowed in return to devote their talents to their country's service. If this is the road to classless education, it may be paved with good intentions, but I doubt if the results will be as good.

And surely, even in the remote and dreamy future, when the harmonious doves of classless education coo contentedly in every classroom from Land's End to John o' Groats, not every student will be able to have the best teachers, the best libraries, and the best facilities for meeting his fellow students. Suppose Oxford and Cambridge have been left to fall into ruins, and Aberdeen and Aberystwyth become the foremost seats of learning in those palmy days, still not everyone will be able to go to them. Some will have to go to Manchester and Glasgow. So instead of the exclusivity of Oxford and Cambridge we shall have the exclusivity of Aberdeen and Aberystwyth. That is all.

Preferring Oxford and Cambridge, I venture to sign myself shamelessly

UPPER CLASS

A STRANGE CASE

SIR,—The Head Prefect of a Public School in which I am interested—a boy with high qualifications of character and initiative and very considerable academic attainments—was recently refused a position in a well-known London insurance company solely on account of his unwillingness to become a member of the Territorial Army. Those of your readers who are in the teaching profession would be interested to know whether this sort of thing is likely to become common in the City. It would be unfortunate if the dissemination of pacific ideals, which writers in your journal have frequently urged upon teachers, should result in an increase of local unemployment.

Loughton, Essex. D. C. R. FRANCOMBE, D.C.R.F.

TROUBLE IN THE SUGAR PARADISE

SIR,—I do not think your contributor is right in the assumption, which he evidently makes, that the realm of sugar has in the past been a paradise; its state has been more like that of "war in heaven." The refiners have always been opponents of the Subsidy, and before 1928 they were faced with the competition of foreign refined as well as home-grown sugar; but in that year the ferocity of their opposition was somewhat tempered by the protection given to them against foreign refined sugar by the Finance Act of 1928.

There is now peace between the home-grown sugar manufacturers and the refiners, for, with the assistance of the Minister of Agriculture and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, they have formulated proposals for transferring the Subsidy from the taxpayer to the consumer, and for the grant to themselves in perpetuity of a monopoly of the industries of sugar manufacture and sugar refining. The soothing effect of the proposals upon the refiners can best be appreciated by noting the advance in value of the shares in the leading company. The holders of these shares will, no doubt, be duly thankful to the Government which proposes to make so valuable a present to them. It should not be forgotten that the sugar consumer already contributes £12,000,000 to the revenue, and it is interesting to compare this amount with the £4,000,000 paid by the tea consumer and £178,000 paid by the coffee consumer.

There is more at stake in the sugar proposals than the continuance of the game of growing sugar beet and the decision as to who shall be the "mug"; there are the quite separate and fundamental questions as to whether there is any necessity to create a monopoly of sugar refining (which has very little to do with British agriculture) and sugar manufacture, and, if so, how and to whom it shall be granted.

It may be that sugar is the first instance in which the question of a monopoly of the manufacture of a food product is to be considered, and, if so, it is vital that the right principles shall be applied. There are already certain monopolies in existence, such as the B.B.C., Water, Gas and Electricity Authorities, and the London Passenger Transport Board, but all these are the subject matter of special legislation. They hold their charters subject to obligations to the public and to restrictions upon profits. The same principles should be applied to any monopoly over the production and distribution of an essential food product. There is no justification for the grant of an absolute monopoly to a private body responsible to no one but its own shareholders.

In any event, it is to be hoped that Parliament will not allow the Agricultural Marketing Act to be used as a backstairs method of granting monopolies to industrial vested interests.

58 Bunbury Road, ARTHUR WHITTAKER
Northfield, Birmingham.

PRISON

SIR,—I venture to comment on the interesting article by Mr. Harry Roberts in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of August 11th. The remarks of ex-prisoners concerning officers—not warders now by the way—of the prisons that "they treat you like a gentleman" and "they're nearly all of them decent chaps" confirm my own views which have been supported by many convicts and local prisoners who have "come my way."

Has the "separate system" disappeared entirely from our prisons—as stated in the article? I know that it has been and is being greatly modified.

I am not surprised—again my own views are confirmed—that the young working-man of 18—sentenced to six months' imprisonment—"from a weedy, shifty-looking youth had developed into a wholesome young man." This prison is one of five prisons in this country where young prisoners, aged 16 to 21, serve their sentences. Mr. Roberts adds, "Some 90 per cent. of all first-timers do not return to prison at all." These figures are remarkable. The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies—some fifty in number—can rightly claim that they have played their part in obtaining such results. Here scarcely a young prisoner leaves prison without work to go to or the definite promise of work. In the cases of the older prisoners and especially of first offenders, the Aid Societies are untiring in their successful efforts to get them work and in providing the necessary funds "to keep them going" between the period of leaving prison and commencing their job.

Fortunately, a generous public, by their practical sympathy, even during the period of acute financial depression, have shown increasing interest in our work, not only by subscriptions but also by legacies—the latter being especially helpful. We in this country have reason to be proud of our prison system, which has the admiration of every foreign State. The total receptions on conviction (men and women) in the prisons of England and Wales, which in 1909 were 186,569, declined in 1929 to 36,942—the lowest figures on record—rising in 1932 to 39,354, the latest official figures. In 1932 an increase in the number of longer sentences was noticeable. The prison population to-day is materially lower than it was two years ago and is remaining remarkably steady. J. HERBERT TWAMLEY,
Hon. Treasurer,
Bedfordshire Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society,
H.M. Prison, Bedford

OUR NATIONAL GAME

SIR,—At a moment when the country, perhaps for the last time, is displaying some interest in cricket, your readers may care to sit for a short examination on "Cricket and the Spectator." In attempting the questions they should remember, of course, that the game's the thing, that spectators have no right to consideration, and that in fact they scarcely get any. Examinees should write on one side of the paper only, and should attempt all the questions, giving reasons for their answers. If they find that there are no reasons they should say so.

(1) Which is the county cricket ground that has recently, at a good deal of expense, been surrounded by a high and hideous wall of yellow brick to frustrate the urchins who play in its near-by slums?

(2) When these urchins are old enough to spare a shilling on Saturday afternoons do you think they will spend it on watching cricket? If not, why not?

(3) Which is the county cricket ground that at test matches has no unreserved seats raised above the level of the pitch for the ordinary 3*s*. spectators?

(4) Which is the county cricket ground where 13*s*. is now charged for some hundreds of seats that were only 3*s*. in 1930? How have the seats been improved to make them worth *any* extra money?

(5) Which is the county cricket ground where, on the first day of the test match, when everyone was anxious to know the teams, there were no match-cards for sale among the unreserved seats until after three o'clock?

(6) Which is the county cricket ground where women are so ill-accommodated that surrounding houses find it profitable to advertise in their windows "Ladies' Cloak Room—6d"?

(7) Which is the county cricket ground that on the first day of a test match in brilliant weather expected 40,000 spectators—"no view guaranteed—no money returned"? And do the County Committee wonder why less than 25,000 spectators came? Why did many thousands of spectators leave at tea-time?

(8) Do you think the brick wall—or any wall—will be necessary ten years hence?

(9) Write a short essay on "The Decline of Public Interest in Cricket." No marks will be awarded for references to leg-theory, pad-play, or "prepared wickets." McDONOUGH RUSSELL

72 Kensington Park Road, W.11.

"SCOTCH"

SIR,—Apropos "Critic's" reported "Conversation overheard at Lords," I wonder if the speaker really said "Scottish"? Although the Scotch campaign to abolish our English word "Scotch" has been regrettably successful in print, it is still used almost exclusively in speech. As "Scotch" is now forbidden, would one qualified let me know the difference between the authorised adjectives "Scottish" and "Scots"? I have always understood that adjectival "Scots" is not an English word at all, but part of the Scotch language. N. E. F. CORBETT

A PEACE PAGEANT

SIR,—On Saturday, September 29th, a Pageant Procession of Witness to Peace is being held in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Thirty organisations and eighty churches are co-operating to show that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War." The response to our appeal for support has been encouraging and we estimate that at least 3,000 people will take part in this demonstration.

One thing we lack—speakers. For nine months now we have endeavoured to secure people to take advantage of this opportunity, but without success. If anyone among your readers feels a concern to help us at this eleventh hour I shall be glad if they will write to me without delay. T. T. ANDERSON, JUNR.

Pageant Joint Committee,
12 Logan Terrace,
South Shields, Co. Durham.

THE FACTORY GIRLS' HOLIDAY FUND

SIR,—May we appeal to your kind readers for help for the Factory Girls' Country Holiday Fund which is in urgent need of financial assistance?

It may be questioned whether any of us ever outgrow a certain quickening of the pulse at the word "holiday"; it is a fact that the idea yearly increases its hold on our sense of what is due to us. Doctors recommend a holiday, kind friends urge it as a panacea for all the evil effects of overwork and fatigue; it is part of the routine of all our lives. But not, alas, of the lives that probably need it most. The girl who works all day in factory or shop and the woman who looks after her home and also cleans offices in the late evening and very early morning have little money to pay for what to us is a necessity, but to them an unattainable luxury. When what they earn is wanted for family, rent and food and clothing, in these days of unemployed men and boys, how can one individual, herself often the breadwinner who holds the house together, set aside even a few pence a week so as to go away and amuse herself alone?

Why should not we who spend pounds on the vacations of ourselves and our families be allowed and indeed urged to spend shillings on the much-needed holidays of those who cannot pay for themselves? The summer months are hurrying by and there is no time to lose. "Do it now." On merely selfish grounds I would suggest that we should enjoy our own travels more this year if we preceded them by sending a donation to the wise, careful, old-established and indefatigable Factory Girls' Country Holiday Fund.

Subscriptions and donations will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Slater, or by Miss Mary Canney, 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

ALBERTA SANDWICH MARGARET LOCH,
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE Chairman
LOUISE CREIGHTON J. H. HERTZ,
THOMAS BARKER Chief Rabbi

Miscellany

THE MUSICAL HIGHBROW

BEFORE I begin to use the word "highbrow" I must make clear the sense in which I am using it. I do not think the word should be used with any direct reference to quality; its useful meaning is to signify a discrepancy between announcement and achievement. Therefore it should not be used as a synonym for a nob or a swell, someone who is first-rate in anything. There is no hostility in the popular mind to genuine achievement of any exceptional kind. The popularity of a Bradman is greater than that of a Lasker—because cricket is more commonly played than chess; but if the word "highbrow" were applied to Lasker and not to Bradman by an ordinary person whose acquaintance with cricket and chess was equally superficial, it would not be used with contempt but merely to mark a distinction in the popular mind which suggests that chess is more difficult than cricket. It may be that a touch of intellectual snobbism is introduced here, but nobody should be worried by that, for perhaps some things are truly more difficult than others.

Every decent person except a highbrow instinctively admires and enjoys real superiority wherever it shows itself. One does not need to be a mathematician to read with a thrill of pleasure and satisfaction the account given by the Oxford Professor of Mathematics, Mr. G. H. Hardy, of how he paid a visit to Ramanujan, the young Indian mathematician of genius who was ill at a house at Putney, and thinking to distract him a little told him that the taxi he took had the number 1729 which "seemed to me rather a dull one"; to which Ramanujan immediately replied: "On the contrary, it is a very interesting number; it is the smallest number expressible as a sum of cubes in two different ways."

Now there we have the real swell, the sort of undeniable superiority which every highbrow hates, but which every decent man not only respects but loves.

The pretence that we are all the same, all equally capable of being Bradmans, Laskers, Ramanujans or anything of that calibre, is one of those dull notions that mankind instinctively discards, however often it is (from one interested motive or another) proffered. So even to-day, when the rewards for wholesale flattery are much greater with modern publicity methods than ever before, we find attempts in the newspapers by popular celebrities to pretend that they and their works are very remarkable and exceptional, and, I suppose, consequently, so is the public that enjoys them. One of the latest and most blatant examples of this is an article in the *Daily Herald* of August, entitled "Long Live the New Music," written by Mr. Jack Hylton. If I wanted to descend to mere vulgar abuse I would call Mr. Jack Hylton (on the strength of this article) just a tinpot highbrow.

Mr. Jack Hylton is the conductor of a band which plays dance music and other music which he would call "new music." He says:

"In the realm of music I am a pioneer and an explorer. A new trail is being blazed and I am travelling along its path."

Now I maintain that this is the horrid utterance of a highbrow; also if one listens to Mr. Jack Hylton's band and his "new music" after reading his pronouncements one will find that discrepancy between announcement and achievement which is the true mark of the highbrow.

Why is Mr. Jack Hylton not content with being a good conductor of a good band? He may indeed be more, he may be the best conductor of the best dance, or jazz, or hot band in Europe or America. I do not know because I have not heard even all the well-known ones, and there may be even better ones not so well known. But what I do know is this, that the music of Johann Strauss and his contemporaries was once "new music," that they invented the waltz, and I have yet to hear that Mr. Hylton has invented anything comparable—certainly he has not invented the phrase "new music," nor that other highly original phrase about blazing a trail. Also I would add that the Johann Strauss who composed *Fledermaus* was not a trail-blazer like Mr. Jack Hylton but a musician beside whom Mr. Jack Hylton is as unremarkable as Streatham Hill is beside Mount Everest. To a public completely ignorant of anything that happened in the world before last summer such highbrow magniloquence as Mr. Hylton's: "For better or for worse ours is a new age. Life has a new rhythm. That rhythm is translated with vitality and urge in the new music . ." no doubt sounds wonderfully exciting and new. But if we listen to this new music we are only doing what every generation has done in its turn. Does Mr. Hylton believe that there was no "new music" before he was born? I, on the contrary, am pretty sure that there was a Jack Hylton in Babylon and that his name was—but, no, it does not occur on any sun-dried brick or scrap of papyrus that excavators have so far found.

Another of Mr. Hylton's phrases is "the orchestra as we knew it is dead!" What orchestra is he thinking of? I don't know what orchestra he "knew," but the orchestra of J. S. Bach was not the orchestra of Mozart, the orchestra of Mozart was not the orchestra of Wagner, the orchestra of Wagner was not the orchestra of Richard Strauss, the orchestra of Richard Strauss is not the orchestra of Stravinsky—what orchestra, then, is this explorer referring to when he says "the orchestra as we knew it is dead"? Was he acquainted in his youth with an orchestra of concertinas or penny whistles? That at least would have been more novel than Mr. Hylton's own orchestra! But he tells us what is wrong with "the

orchestra as we knew it." It is, he says, " too slow, too placid, too comfortable—in fact, it is altogether too smug and self-satisfied."

Now, I ask myself what orchestra this pioneer can be referring to? Is it the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra? Is it the London Philharmonic? Is it the Berlin Philharmonic? None of these orchestras is perfect; neither is Mr. Jack Hylton's; but for me it is Mr. Jack Hylton's orchestra that is " too slow, too placid, too comfortable—in fact, altogether too smug and self-satisfied."

In addition to which I have to say that I find the music played by Mr. Jack Hylton's orchestra extremely boring and monotonous compared with most of the music played by the orchestras which I have named above.

I doubt whether Mr. Jack Hylton can be as remarkable a musician as he is a writer. Consider this paragraph of Mr. Hylton's:

" Industry stands for speed and action and efficiency. Business men know the customer is always right."

The novelty of that sentence stuns me. Here is another equally stunning:

" Women *have* legs. Parsons *do* smoke and drink and appreciate a good story. Sunday sport is *not* immoral. Poets no longer drivel about eyebrows or sonnetise a daisy-chain. Authors tell the truth. Painters paint what they see. The press is for the common people."

Is not that thoroughly highbrow in sentiment? You could find these sentiments (they are hardly " thoughts ") in any of those highbrow reviews whose names Mr. Jack Hylton has possibly never heard of but which are, nevertheless, his spiritual home. There he will find the same cant about modernity, about the newness of the new and the oldness of the old.

Even the illusions are the same: " authors tell the truth." Oh, innocent highbrow, living, like all highbrows, in a desert of sham idealism! Who are these " new " authors who tell the truth, the truth which Rabelais or Ovid or Aristophanes or Plato or Boccaccio or Chaucer or a thousand other writers of the past never knew! Let Mr. Hylton name them! And I will venture to bet that their " truth " is about as new as Mr. Hylton's music.

I will tell Mr. Hylton exactly what is the matter with him. Nobody would think the worse of him for not being a great man, but at least he might be a modest man. When Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein suggested to Berlioz that he should print the text of his opera *Les Troyens*, which he had written, Berlioz refused, saying that to print the text alone would be to show literary pretensions which he could not claim. The music of Berlioz is still newer than anything Mr. Hylton has composed or will ever compose; it will still be " new " in the sense of being fresh and original when the music of thousands of Jack Hyltons of next century is forgotten. If Mr. Hylton were to think twice before putting pen to paper again he might come to the conclusion that it would be more becoming for him to remain silent. The lip-service he pays to Beethoven, Mozart, etc., in his article is not homage, for homage involves respect and modesty—that is to say, *conduct* as well as words.

W. J. TURNER

A COUNTRY PUB

IT must be forty years since my aunt began to keep the pub of which I am writing; and less than five years since she ceased to be the landlady of it. It is, and has been for all my lifetime and perhaps hers, too, a small, very low-roofed pub with a thick crust of dark bird's-nest-coloured thatch, whitewashed walls, and long, rather prim bow-windows in the early Victorian manner. The sign, *The Chequers*, is set in the top of a white pole, which rises in summer from a lake of marigolds in the garden at the front of the house. The Bedfordshire fields slope upwards on all sides, straight from the pub doors, so that the place looks more squat than perhaps it really is. On the stream that flows past the garden railings there is a perpetual procession of white and brown ducks, which waddle about also among the hens in the pub-yard; so that the garden-paths, the thresholds and the yard itself are covered with hen and duck droppings and little coveys of white and brown and red feathers that float and bounce against the earth like angels of fresh thistledown.

Like the pub, my aunt does not seem to have changed in my lifetime. I see her dressed in perpetual black: not the black of crepe or mourning, but a kind of rook's black, shining and silken, the black of authority and austerity. She is a sturdy, stocky woman, with a face of apple red intersected by many little veins of darker red and purple. She seems to be for ever frowning in reprimand. In reality she is smiling, not so much with her mouth as with her eyes. They are bright grey eyes and are framed in an infinite network of little creases and wrinkles. And she cannot keep her mouth still. It twitches. It is as though she would like to laugh but will not, as though she has schooled herself, as the landlady, not to make a public exhibition even of an emotion like laughter.

I do not know which was best known, my aunt or the pub. Very likely they were synonymous, and reflected each other's reputations. Certainly the pub reflected the character of my aunt. It was not prim, and I am pretty sure it was not always proper, but it had about it a kind of austere homeliness. The floors were of polished brick, the tables were scrubbed like bleached bones, and the lamps shone like altar brasses. There were three rooms—the bar, the smoke-room, and the parlour—and they had characters of their own. And just as I see my aunt in perpetual black, so I never think of the pub without remembering the mild beery smell that all her scrubbing could never wash way, the odour of lamp oil and the faint fragrance of old geraniums sun-warmed in the summer windows.

It has always been a modest and dignified little pub, of a better class than an alehouse, and yet never in danger of being mistaken for a hotel. Occasionally, in the shooting season, my aunt let rooms; in the summer she was busy with teas; and again in the shooting season she would have orders to provide cold lunches for the shooting parties that met in the woods that top the crests of the slopes all about the parish. " The gen'lemen," my aunt would call them. " I've a lunch on for the gen'lemen." And she would make my mouth water by the hour as she sat in the back room telling me what she provided for the guns: cold veal pies, cold chicken pies, bread and cheese, home-cured ham, cheese-cakes, barrels of beer, flasks of coffee, bottles of brandy. God knows how many shooting lunches I've eaten in imagination as I sat there in the back room with her.

Not that I have never eaten meals there in reality, too. Tea would be laid on summer afternoons on the long table in the back room, the windows would be open on to the garden, and the smell of thyme would come in and mingle itself with the smell of tea and seed-cake and butter and that eternal soft beery smell that nothing could drive away.

There was always a perpetual coolness about the rooms at the back of the house. They faced north, over the yard that was more like a farm-yard than a pub-yard, with its long since disused stables and the pigeon-house without pigeons and the gate leading straight into the sloping fields. They were rather dark and shadowy rooms, the whitewash faintly smoke-stained, the glass-ringed tables of scrubbed deal not reflecting even what little light there was.

It was the front room, the private-room, that was the glory and pride of my aunt's house. As I see her in black, so I see this room in perpetual sunlight. It was a museum. I can think of no other way of describing it. Into it my aunt had put, year after year, all her cherished belongings. The faded gold-and-blue wallpaper was hung with the faded portraits of my family in all its branches, from stupefied-looking gents in dicky-bits, down to my mother in a neck-ruffle as the belle of her day. There were various portraits of my deceased uncle in various attitudes of vague alarm or pride or dreaminess or statuesque melancholy. There were countless wedding groups and cricket teams, the women wearing the oddest

pancake hats, the cricketers all looking slightly boss-eyed, unreal, and extremely proud of their pimple cricket caps and their waxed moustaches.

The furniture of the room was of some wood that was neither maple-wood nor walnut, but somewhere between the two: a delicate deep-golden wood, highly polished and grained and beautiful. The chairs, upholstered in black American leather, were slippery as a straw-stack. One sat in them, and gradually, slowly and serenely, one slipped out of them. The table, covered with little wool mats, was of the same wood, a perfect golden oval, on which a beer-stain would have been a sacrilege. On the mantelpiece were more photographs, generally head-and-shoulders portraits of the dead or sepia miniatures of small Victorian infants who looked as if they wished they had never been born into the world. And on the mantelpiece also, and also on all the tables and niches and whatnots and tea-caddies, were countless little vases and trinkets of porcelain and milky glass, and shells and shell-boxes from distant seasides. And finally, in the long bow-window, the geraniums. They were very old plants, and they had grown up into miniature trees covered with flowers of hunting-pink or scarlet or wine, and here and there with white flowers blotched and streaked with purple and rose. They were so tall and thick that they might have kept out the sunlight. For some reason they never did. It filtered through their leaves and blossoms in long shafts, not only lighting up the room, but warming it, so that it had that strange fusty smell of things preserved for countless years.

I don't suppose the port at *The Chequers* was ever more than four-and-six a bottle, or the sherry. But if anyone wanted port or sherry to drink I fancy they were shown into this room, like honoured guests. Other rooms could have their public ribaldry and darts and arguments and eating-matches. But not this room. It was select and private. There was a kind of musty holiness there among the trinkets and the geraniums.

I say eating-matches. Once, in the early days, my aunt had tolerated an eating-match. Great crowds came to see two men sit down to a couple of mountainous steaks in the smoke-room. My aunt was an excellent cook, and the two men ate and continued to eat until she, fearing to have a corpse, if not two, on her hands, hastily and prematurely declared the winner.

It was, I suppose, nothing unusual. All sorts and classes of men called at my aunt's pub, regularly or casually; the gen'lemen themselves, labourers, butchers and bakers, blacksmiths, peddling drapers, poachers, commercial travellers, shoemakers, and always strangers who came once and never came again.

And if I remember any one thing about the place more than another it is the arrival of three strangers who asked to be shown into the private-room on a summer Saturday evening. I see them now, with their black bowler hats pushed back on their sweat-ringed heads, their coats open, their watch-chains dangling, and I can hear my aunt saying:

"And what could I get you, gen'lemen?"

"Whisky," one said. "And a jug of water."

"Ditto."

"Ditto."

And when my aunt had taken in the whisky and the water and the glasses I chanced to go along the passage and see them sitting there at the private-room table, their hats still on, their chairs tipped forward, their voices lowered, all watering their whisky with a kind of parsimonious secrecy and making strange patterns with their fingers on the table-top between the intervals of raising the water-jug and drinking.

Who were they? What were they doing? They seemed to me then, and still do now, something like a cross between Nonconformists out for a drink on the quiet and bookmakers who had welshed and had come to celebrate their luck or drown their horsey sorrows. Whoever they were, they sat there hour after hour, still talking, still making their patterns on the golden table-top, still watering their whisky, only getting up and pushing their chairs back and their hats forward when the sun had gone from the geraniums and the summer twilight had begun to fall.

And when I remember the pub they are an inseparable part of it, just as that shining black is inseparable from my aunt, the sun from the geraniums, and my aunt and the pub itself from the gentle countryside I know so well.

H. E. BATES

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Queer Cargo"

There is nothing queer about the play at the Piccadilly Theatre—nothing, indeed, that is even surprising, save in the first ten minutes or so, while you adjust your mind to the demands of the unregenerate theatre spread before you. Five blue pearls are there, and pirates upon the China seas with a hint of the British Navy at the foot of the cast. But the hope of healthy melodrama is fulfilled too generously. Vibart, the pirate (Franklyn Dyall), speaks with a strong French accent, wears immaculate clothes, and is as chivalrous as he is ruthless. Honest Capt. Harley (Barrie Livesey) is full of tantrums and scruples. Charmian, his destined mate, is full of smiles and fears, and there is also a comic missionary with his sister aboard. Were cruelty to players an indictable offence, the management would stand within the danger of Robert Hale and Drusilla Wills for these last two—a heartbreaking waste of talent. It would be impertinent to praise any performance in this stale hotch-potch except, perhaps, that of young Mr. Barry Sinclair as a coward with a bad conscience. He it was who sixteen years earlier had plucked the life-belt from the shoulders of the wounded Vibart, then serving on a British "Q" ship . . . one pictured his baby fingers—he could not on the face of it have been more than four—fumbling with the tapes. This discrepancy apart, Mr. Sinclair shows emotional strength and imagination in the only part which slips at moments out of drear convention into the orbit of humanity.

"Cleopatra": By Hollywood Out of History

There are no bath-tubs in Mr. Cecil B. de Mille's new "bath-tub epic" at the Carlton; Miss Claudette Colbert as Cleopatra, unlike Miss Claudette Colbert as Popaea, does not disport herself for our benefit in an ocean of milk; but otherwise the production is as lavish, exuberant and picturesque as any admirer of Mr. de Mille's magisterial showmanship could possibly have anticipated. At its best, the entire film is one long orgy: almost naked girls, discreetly but expressively plastered with strands of clinging seaweed, are drawn up from the water in enormous nets, while a second bevy, clad in well-tailored leopard skins, scratch, claw, roll on the marble pavement and jump through blazing hoops, pursued by a Herculean ringmaster. Needless to say, there are the usual chariots: galleys go up in flame: and, to end it all, Anthony, desperate and deserted, is seen exchanging back-chat with the whole Roman army, including Octavian, Enorbarbus and other exasperated Roman patriots, gathered beneath the ramparts at his feet. As a film supposed to bear some vague relation to the facts of history, *Cleopatra* beats every record. Impossible to be more inaccurate, to be more vulgar—and yet, as one remembers it, there is something good-natured, naive, and indeed almost touching about the spectacle that disarms any attempt at serious criticism. Let us regard it as a kind of Hollywood pipe-dream. Through the gimcrack magnificence of its various sets stalks an English actor, Mr. Henry Wilcoxon, a fine rugger-playing English schoolboy, somewhat inappropriately cast as a noble Roman lured by Miss Colbert to doom and disgrace. Miss Colbert herself looks very pretty; but her accent is scarcely suited to a tragic rôle.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, August 25th—

Promenade Concert, Queen's Hall, 8 p.m., every night except Sunday.

Dorsetshire Labourers' Centenary Commemoration, Dorchester, till September 2nd.

TUESDAY, August 28th—

R.H.S. Flower Show, Horticultural Hall.

WEDNESDAY, August 29th—

National Co-operative Exhibition, Crystal Palace.

THURSDAY, August 30th—

International Co-operative Alliance Congress, Central Hall, S.W.1 Till September 7th.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IN the preface to *Eminent Victorians* Lytton Strachey advises the historian of the Victorian Age to lower a little bucket into the ocean of his material, which will bring up to the light of day some characteristic specimen. This method of sampling has been employed by Mr. Graham Greene, the editor of *The Old School* (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*), in which he has got eighteen men and women to describe their education. They are all writers of reputation and include Auden, Bates, Elizabeth Bowen, Harold Nicolson, William Plomer, and range in age from the early twenties to the late forties. Their experiences, retailed in these essays, must be regarded as samples and nothing more; the writers are not authorities. Two of them—Auden and O'Faolain—have had experience as schoolmasters and produce the worst- and the best-written essays. But a schoolmaster who has read *The Old School* was sufficiently irritated by it to tell me, in a letter, that:

> The book is dishonest. It masquerades. As a book it means nothing and gets nowhere . . . a cloak for a number of literary fledgelings to make muling complaints about their education.

He thought also that the book would have been more valuable had it included stockbrokers and clerks and "ordinary people" among the contributors. His objection was that being exceptional these authors might be expected to belong to a hostile minority. But any society which produces a strong hostile minority is far from perfect, particularly if that minority be recruited from its more intelligent members. However, whatever hostile testimony these writers may give, we know that school life has not done them much harm: we would not have them so very different from what they are. Those on whom school life has had the most serious bad effects are not here represented; it is probable that if they were, their favourable testimony to their old schools would be far more damaging than these attacks. And here perhaps is the place to say that schools and schoolmasters must be judged by their final product—the men they produce. It is not only a matter of whether children are healthy and happy at a school but of what they turn into. If you are satisfied with the average English public school man as a man, it is rash to make radical changes in the conditions which produced him.

* * *

The fault in education that seems most widespread from these essays is that a wrong attitude to sex is produced; and it is precisely in their attitude to sex that English men and women of the middle and upper classes compare unfavourably with the working classes and with foreigners. The average "public school man" is rarely at ease with women; he is apt to idealise them, to avoid them or to tyrannise over them. The young men of the upper classes who find least difficulty in intimate friendships with women are the homo-sexuals. Not being sexually attracted by them, they are usually very nice to them. But one cannot help believing that the public schools are to some extent responsible for their misfortune. The attitude to sex in all schools is almost inevitably repressive. As Mr. Graham Greene, himself the son of a headmaster remarkable for his humanity, says:

> It is a curious system which prevents a normal sexual relationship and punishes harshly any temporary substitute.

In co-educational schools the arguments for repression are still stronger: parents are justifiably upset if they are suddenly made grandparents. It is then not surprising that Mr. Grant Watson should note about Bedales:

> What was, I believe, the worst thing about the strong school tone was the very powerful prejudice against sexual curiosity or adolescent sensuality. A strong tone of sexual purity was established. I remember a well-meaning master from a public school commenting on what was, in his eyes, this extraordinarily satisfactory state of affairs. He remarked how far superior were the pure minds of the Bedalians to the corresponding little sinks of iniquity displayed by the average public school boy. Little did he know of Freud!

In girls' schools the repression of sexual interests seems frequently as bad as in boys' schools. "Run about, girls, like boys, so that you won't think of them," is how Miss Arnot Robertson sums up the tone of her school, and the state of affairs she describes is really far worse than in a boys' school.

> The School Type which was our pattern was an epitome of the team spirit. And this spirit, like prolonged discussion of sport, just does not come naturally to the female. Why should it? Unlike the male, whose primitive functions include collective hunting, she has no instincts which it will serve.

To me there seems only one way out of the practical difficulty of dealing with sex in a community of children and adolescents and that is to shorten the period at which boys and girls remain at school. If they left at sixteen the problem of adolescence would be to a large extent passed on to the university where they can be treated on a different basis. As William Plomer remarks after describing how he left Rugby young and began to earn his own living at seventeen:

> After all life is short. Why should a man spend nearly a quarter of a century in getting educated? The result is often an arrested development.

* * *

Mr. Gerald Heard said that a schoolmaster must be an anthropologist, and his opinion is borne out by the interesting account of the initiation into a special school language at Winchester and by Mr. Hartley's exceedingly complacent account of Harrow.

> Every year the new Head of the House posted up a list of Three- and Four-year privileges (in the main regulations regarding dress), infringement of which was punished by "whopping." . . . Some form of personal boastfulness is inherent in schoolboy nature; it cannot be eradicated; but at Harrow it is at any rate canalised and charted. We could not prevent people betraying by their looks and gestures that they had an overweening opinion of themselves; but we did contrive that, unless entitled by seniority, they should be denied the grosser forms of self-assertion.

On which one can only quote from the Headmaster of Dartington's admirable book, *The School* (Lane, 2*s.* 6*d.*).

> I doubt whether the harm done by the worship of good form is generally realised. It is incompatible with tolerance, and those who are incapable of acquiring it, owing to some marked originality of intellect or temperament, are made to suffer very greatly indeed. . . . As a means of keeping inferiors in their place it is unsurpassed. It produces inflexibility of temper, and is therefore a means of utilising the powerful weapon of taboo in order to crystallise the *status quo*.

As the repression of the sexual instincts is so often the worst result of a public school education for the individual, the worship of good form is its worst feature for the community, producing friction not only between the upper and lower classes but between Englishmen and foreigners and Colonials. In one school it is mitigated by the school tone, for, judging by results, Eton does appear to be in a different category from other schools. Personality does seem to be respected there. After Eton, the crazy school in Cork described by Sean O'Faolain, who provides by far the best essay in the book, seems the least likely to do positive harm.

> We were told there were twelve minerals and we were given their names and that was that . . . these Brothers were truly brothers to us and I think we really loved them. They were country lads with buttermilk complexions, hats prevented from extinguishing their faces only by the divine prescience of ears, hands still rough from the spade and feet still heavy with the clay.

Schoolmasters, in spite of the evil they inflict and permit (the brutalities of the fagging system at Malvern as described by Mr. Derek Verschoyle are astonishing), must be forgiven much, for as Harold Nicolson reminds us:

> The years of darkness cannot be ascribed to those who in patient endurance coped with the sombre obstinacies of the chrysalis stage.

* * *

I feel impelled to correct a chance remark of Mr. Plomer's. *Was it not a certain Theodosius Boughton who poisoned a Captain Donnellan, his sister's lover, with laurel-water.*

To which the answer is that it was not. Boughton was the victim and the scoundrel Donnellan was acquitted owing to the expert evidence of John Hunter. His guilt became clear only after the discovery of cyanide.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Blind Men Crossing a Bridge. By SUSAN MILES. *Constable.* 10s.

This Little World. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

Tomorrow We Part. By GINA KRAUS. *Cassell.* 6s.

The Man in the Stone House. By ROSAMUND E. NESBIT BLAND. *Miles.* 7s. 6d.

A Week After Life. By LEO KOENIG. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

The statement is often made that the long novel is again in fashion. Was it ever out? Just as in the era of long novels some of the best were short, *e.g.*, *Wuthering Heights* and *Northanger Abbey*, so in our era of short novels, some of the best have been long, *e.g.*, *The Way of All Flesh*, *Sons and Lovers*, and *A La Recherche*. The tired intellectual seeking an escape from life may confine himself to the quick and snappy, but the inveterate novel-reader, for whom fiction is not an escape from, but a re-creation of, life, has always felt the necessity from time to time of having on hand a long, preferably rather dull, novel; it waits for him at home like a leisurely friend who, however exacting he may be in other ways, does not require instantaneous contacts or aim at lightning effects. There is, too, a brand of honesty which length entails in a writer, quite different from the honesty entailed by brevity. A short-story writer must find the unique tone and method of presentation required by his theme plus his point of view (in so far as those two things are separable), and one lapse from this, one divergence into a groove already scooped by somebody else, will destroy the unity of his work. But in a long book there is far more room for recovery, errors can be retrieved, the whole can be much stronger than its weakest parts.

The different honesty which length demands is that the writer should deal faithfully with whatever of chief importance arises from his scheme—that he should not burke a crisis or shirk a *scène à faire*. He is at liberty to begin a chapter "Ten years had passed. Mary was now a full-grown woman," but he is not at liberty to say "Ten minutes had passed. Mary had pushed John over the cliff," and hurry on. This is part of the great charm of long novels: that we can rely on learning about the persons in detail—that we can settle down with our feet on the mantelpiece to make a solid acquaintance with John and Mary without fear of the evasions, dots, and elliptical passages which are the part-constituents of the modern short story and short novel. Also, unless the book is downright bad, unless the writer is completely without intelligence, from the sheer bulk of his expressed experience *something* will emerge to interest us . . . or so at least we go on hoping.

For the inveterate novel-reader, then, *Blind Men Crossing a Bridge* has been produced. It contains 850 pages and deals with three generations of a country family. It is surprising that it is by the same author as an odd, amusing book of satirical poems published in 1918 under the title *Dunch*, for although they too were about village life, the tone and approach of the earlier book was very different.

The title of Miss Miles's novel is taken from a Japanese print which was given to George Gurney, and which epitomises the mingled beauty and pain of existence, which is what the novel is about. George, parson's son, poet and still almost school-boy, falls in love with Meg, a village girl, and destroys her love by raping her. (Like his father, I cannot credit George's view, shared by his creator, that he raped Meg in his sleep.) Solely because she is pregnant, Meg marries George; he still hoping for a renewal of her love. She bears twins. When she finally casts him off he drowns himself. Meg dies. The girl twin, Mazod, is brought up by Meg's family, the boy, Berrin, by the Gurneys, but they visit each other; nor does Mazod grow up uneducated, as events prove. Just before Berrin goes to the war, where he is killed, he introduces her to his mistress, Pauline, and the romantic Mazod innocently assumes that the child Pauline bears is Berrin's, and adopts it when Pauline deserts it. When its looks make it quite clear that its father was Indian, she is lucky enough to be able to plant it on some of her cousins who are emigrating. This is the first hint of improbability in the plot. Mazod goes into a publishing firm in a provincial town, and meets Brough, an Anglican priest, unhappily married, half-mad and avowedly impotent. She cures him of impotence and bears him two children, but she cannot cure what is sometimes presented as a diseased brain, sometimes as an acute mother-fixation; and at the end of the book he is left in an asylum.

This is the merest outline of a story which involves a large number of characters, both gentle and simple—notably a woman poet modelled on Mr. Rochester, even to oaths, savage hound and subsequent blindness; some of her poems are given. But the outline is sufficient to indicate the book's scope. It was designed to convey the way in which the strands of human life are tangled, broken, but endlessly continued, and the way in which, as Mazod tells her son at the close, a teasing pattern seems sometimes to emerge from the sequence of events—a symbolical element on which, she says, he must not dwell, because the pattern, if any, is not perceptible "with human eyes," and to seek it is to delude oneself.

Miss Miles knows what is interesting; her sense of values is certainly well-developed; she has—however much overlaid with sentiment at times—a strong sense of character and the manner in which it is affected by circumstance, and her range of portraits is wide. All the more disconcerting is it to have to record that her method and style, and the adjustment between intellectual and emotional control which these imply, are deplorable. The method of plunging without explanation into a group and milieu is perfectly legitimate and can be most effective; but here the result is a welter of vague persons, fine phrases, strained epithets, from which the figure of George, and later of Mazod, do gradually detach themselves, but without rescuing the reader from the flood. The longing grows for a piece of plain narrative, an unadorned statement. Atmosphere—that is too much to hope for; Miss Miles is too consciously concerned with seeking beauty to entrap anything of so precise and elusive a nature as atmosphere:—

> They walked home through the meadows, Alf and Rosy with them, their toddling child clutching at their sturdy fingers. . . . . The baby girl prattled. The tranter and Mazod shared a bonded grief. As the sapped soil knows neediness each autumn for quickened seed, so when age sorrows. . . . The old man's woe was made fragrant by what the past held for him of shared labour's fruitage and shared hopes fulfilled.

As regards adjectives, which lie on the many pages in what I suppose Miss Miles would call a spilth, the passage quoted shows moderation. Her favourite is "hurtful," with "bonded" as a good second. Her yokels are quite as adjectival as she, and seem to have been drawn from Masefield's *Nan* at its most purple. The lamentable seal of Mary Webb also is set on the rustic chapters, where a dandelion has to be called a goldenlad.

But although you would expect the reader's interest to die of all this juiciness, it is not so. There is some impulse of vitality behind the word-painting and the mush to lead one on; *Blind Men Crossing a Bridge* is at least not machine made. This impulse of vitality is absent from *This Little World* and *Tomorrow We Part*. The former is indistinguishable from five hundred novels read in the past, some of them written by Mr. Brett Young; the heart sinks at meeting again the impoverished squire of the lovely west-country village, the nouveau riche newcomer, etc. *Tomorrow We Part* is of a slicker, more up-to-date brand; it is translated from the German and is about a doctor and his young wife literally on the eve of divorce. The forcing of the action into one night entails improbable coincidences. Improbability is what is wrong with *The Man in the Stone House*, too, but unlike *Tomorrow We Part*, which is cynical and "modern," Mrs. Bland's first novel is idealistic and sentimental. The man of the title is a cultivated and mysterious creature, once a convict, now head of an organisation for helping escaped criminals. His relations with the girl Monday, whom he calls "Moonchild," while she calls him "W.A.," short for Wicked Ancestor, are ambiguous, but Monday's adoration for him is candid. The entire plot, including Monday's final adoption by the exquisite Lady Frayle, belongs to the day-dream variety; but the novel is carefully written and will give great pleasure to people who like books about brilliant, sensitive children in a world whose rough exterior hides a heart of gold.

There is no hint of the day-dream in *A Week After Life*; it is earthy, and family affection is the only "higher" quality with which its characters are endowed. The Goldbloom sons and daughters gather in the house of their dead father, a merchant of the Commercial Road, to hold the Shib'ah, or seven days' mourning ordained by their religion. Some of the Goldblooms have moved, both topographically and socially, a long way from the East End of London, and yet one feels a queer, strong, tribal solidarity in them, the expression of which makes the book remarkable.

E. B. C. JONES

SYDNEY SMITH AND HOLLAND HOUSE

The Rev. Smith, Sydney. By OSBERT BURDETT. *Chapman and Hall.* 15*s.*

Since Lord Rochester, almost for the last time, asserted the supreme privilege of a man of quality, when he gave orders that Dryden should be cudgelled by a mob of hired ruffians, the English aristocracy has shown an honourable, if somewhat unaccountable, readiness to open its doors to talented but obscure visitors. But then, it is no aristocracy in the stricter sense; a Guermantes might raise his eyebrows over *Peerage and Pedigree* and it is dreadful to imagine the comments that would have been ventured by M. de Charlus, confronted with earldoms founded on banking, commerce and clever land-grabbing in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. From a humaner point of view, their very mixed origins have proved the great strength of the English landowning classes. Themselves of comparatively brief and humble descent, the Melbournes, Hollands and other wealthy and influential Whig clans were ready enough —though, of course, always with certain reservations—to accept newcomers as obscure as Mr. Creevey, who seldom had more than three hundred pounds a year and a portmanteau to his name, and that arch-adventurer and professional humorist, Sydney Smith.

Smith's talents, however, were of a type that it is difficult to reproduce, or even to understand, in the present condition of society. Nowadays, a professional humorist is the slave of the audience for which he caters, a dummy stuffed with catch-phrases, well garnished with "charm," a personage whose ability to entertain is often legendary rather than actual, who is greeted, as soon as he appears, with screams of "*Darling!*" Conversation was less exclamatory at Holland House. Smith was never "Sydney *darling*!" to Lady Holland; and few modern adventurers would submit to the austere but erratic tyranny with which she governed her husband and her guests. Lord Holland, on the other hand, was all good nature. He had inherited the thick, dark eyebrows and something of the intelligence and wide culture of his uncle, Charles James Fox; but an air of dignified and docile sweetness, a fund of good humour and patience that seemed to have no end, was his own addition to the mercurial family temperament. He was a Liberal, in the finest meaning of the word. The advocate of every progressive measure that was brought forward at an extremely tenebrous and retrogressive period of English political history, he also extended his liberalism to the arts of life. He was an adept both at friendship and conversation; roast duck and apricot-tart was his favourite food. . . .

For the food was excellent at Holland House. It is hard to visualise Sydney Smith, except against a background of good food and good talk, spurred on by the presence of other talkers and animated by the amiable despotism of Lady Holland, who never scrupled to arrest a conversation when she herself was beginning to grow bored. The authority of the hostess was undisputed. True, Lord Melbourne, annoyed at being made to change his seat, once rose from the table, exclaiming: "I'll be damned if I dine with you at all," and d'Orsay, after picking up Lady Holland's fan and bag several times in succession, suggested that it might be more convenient if his place was laid on the floor. Such outbursts were exceptions to the rule. Detractors accused Lady Holland's intimates of servility; but the example of Sydney Smith shows that it was possible—at least, for favourites—to combine popularity and personal freedom.

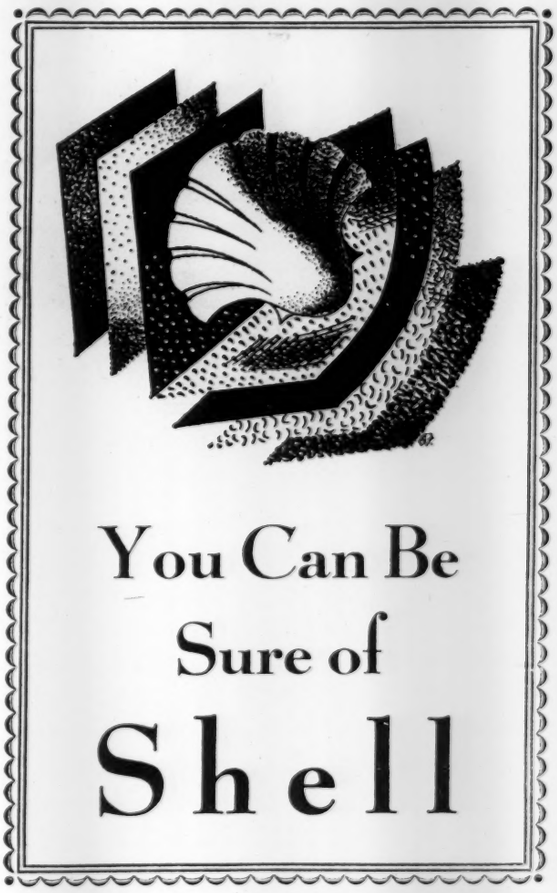
It was at Holland House that Sydney Smith made his name. So eupeptic was his nature, so fertile his imagination, that, no doubt, he would have been liked, respected and flattered wherever he went; but Holland House and its dinner parties provided just the setting that he needed—an atmosphere of friendship, conviviality and liberal sentiments, evoked by a capricious but amusing woman. In his study of Smith's career, Mr. Osbert Burdett allows a single short chapter to "Sydney Smith in Society," as compared to fuller and more detailed chapters on his hero's early life and literary and parochial work. Perhaps it is for this reason that his book seems to do Sydney Smith, in certain aspects, rather less than justice. I have not read Mr. Hesketh Pearson's recent biography; but I gather that, whereas Mr. Burdett clings—now and then, almost grimly—to the outline of his subject's career, his clerical activities, lectures and publications, Mr. Pearson presents him in a more exuberant pose. A compromise might surely have been effected; Smith was first and foremost a brilliant talker, but he was also (Mr. Burdett reminds us) a man who, during his long life, got through a vast amount of useful and unselfish drudgery, helping to found and edit the redoubtable *Edinburgh Review* and dashing off *Peter Plymley's Letters*, a vigorous pamphlet in the interests of Catholic Emancipation. Yet we cannot think of him as a journalist or controversialist. His chief asset—the gift that made him famous all over London—was his rare good sense, accompanied by a faculty of imaginative improvisation, expressed in copious metaphors and flights of fancy. His images were spontaneous and irresistible. His method (we are told) was to "begin with some ludicrous observation, next rise into a picture, and accumulate incidents by the very telling till it rose into a full imaginative anecdote. . . . He thought it no more necessary for a man to remember the different books that had made him wise than the different dinners that had made him healthy." "Whenever the conversation is getting dull," said Tom Moore, "he throws in some touch which makes it rebound, and rise again as light as ever. . . ." Of Macaulay, a more ponderous type of conversationalist, Sydney Smith observed that he "not only overflowed with learning, but stood in the slop"; and he was much relieved when "flashes of silence" began to creep in. Even Carlyle admired Smith's "shrewdness and fun"; but added that he was "seemingly without soul." That Sydney Smith had no "soul," but a perfect liver, was his main virtue and his most obvious limitation.

PETER QUENNELL

WILLIAM HAZLITT

The Complete Works of William Hazlitt. Centenary Edition. Edited by P. P. HOWE. *Dent.* 21 volumes. £15 15*s.*

The centenary edition of Hazlitt, which began to appear four years ago, is now completed by the issue of a twenty-first volume devoted entirely to an exemplary Index. Mr. Howe, not content with pursuing Hazlitt to his sources and adding whole volumes of material which did not appear in the Waller and Glover edition, has made exploration easy by his exhaustive subject Index and Index of Quotations. Never before, we believe, have the fugitive



writings of a journalist been so faithfully—or should we say, remorselessly—tracked down as those of William Hazlitt by Mr. Howe.

It might be supposed that his reputation would suffer rather than gain by such ruthless exposure of all that he wrote, and that the best would be inundated under this terrific flood of his average work. It has to be admitted that a great deal of his miscellaneous prose bears the mark of swift writing, and that there is much repetition. But Hazlitt believed that a trained writer with a full mind ought to unburden himself easily and quickly; and it is worth mentioning that repetition, at least within the compass of a single essay, was a part of his deliberate technique. At all costs he was resolved not to be misunderstood, and having said a thing once in one way he would say it again and again in other ways, piling Pelion on Ossa in comparison and simile in the determination that a cursory reader should not miss his meaning. He does not inveigle us into absorbing his point of view through words fastidiously chosen or artfully arranged, but prefers to subject us to a bombardment of forceful, lively, transparently clear ideas, and so take us by storm.

Yet the result of all these pages is cumulative, enhancing rather than diminishing our respect for Hazlitt. His familiar light essays will henceforward assume a less important place in our estimate of his work. His more didactic critical writings, which arose out of prolonged earlier study and the perpetual exercise in daily life of his faculty of appreciation, dovetail into one another; they have the consistency of a mind whose critical standards are based not merely upon philosophical judgment but upon the unity of his informed perception of literature and life. The early essays on Malthus and Hartley are not very important in themselves; but they, like the much more interesting later work, his *Life of Napoleon*, bear witness to the colossal labour which went to the making of this kind of journalist; they give us confidence in his background; we know, when the sparks fly in his liveliest critical writings, that the display is not that of a man putting all his goods in the shop-window.

As we move on through his books, his lectures, his essays and his literary and dramatic criticisms we become aware of him not merely as an interesting writer but one who stood in an important relationship to his time. He was writing the English language when it was undergoing a profound change, and he was writing criticism when criticism was in danger of losing its touch with the continuous stream of literature. Speaking of the change of spirit which seemed to come over civilised society just after the French Revolution, Hazlitt says that: "the mind opened and a softness might be perceived coming over the hearts of individuals." The change of spirit which took the form of altruism in one manifestation and of Romanticism in another was not merely emancipating; it was also disintegrating. It is the great merit of Hazlitt that he, having been one of the first to submit to the influence of Wordsworth and Coleridge and to pass through the philosophic maelstrom of the German and English Romantic movement, was also one of the first to recover his balance. Having worshipped at the shrine of the new, he had the strength and commonsense to appreciate and put in its place the essential merits of the eighteenth century. The literary influences of his youth freed him once and for all from the eighteenth-century conventions, but he refused to yield to the literary licentiousness which tended to arise from the shadowy metaphysic of Romanticism.

He looked for a steadying influence in direct contact with life, and also in perfect candour of expression. "The greatest merit of Montaigne," he said, "was that he may be said to have been the first who had the courage to say as an author what he felt as a man." That was also a distinguishing merit in Hazlitt himself—to "be himself," as a later age was to put it, in his writing, and also to be it intensely, or with what he called "gusto," gusto being described as "power or passion defining any object." Thus "there is gusto in the colouring of Titian. Not only do his heads seem to think—his bodies seem to feel." "Michael Angelo's forms are full of gusto. . . . His limbs convey an idea of muscular strength, of moral grandeur, and even of intellectual dignity." There is gusto in Hazlitt's similes, as when Coleridge preaching a sermon is likened to "an eagle dallying with the wind"; and in his more elaborate dissection of the qualities of an author, as in his criticism of Byron, which has the "power" that he attributes to Byron himself; it "rivets attention and forces admiration," though its gusto sometimes comes perilously near the rhetorical. But it is kept in hand by good sense, and by the clarity of the idea which he wishes to express.

It is amazing that in his slightest pieces he is so often at his best. In writing about pictures he anticipates Ruskin in his power of lifting their significant contents, as it were, out of the canvases and giving them an independent life in literature. His smallest occasional criticisms of plays and actors are as vivid for us as they must have been for his contemporaries. His impressions of Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Kemble, Miss O'Neill serve to perpetuate the memory of their evanescent art. Living close to the eighteenth century—detached from it, yet understanding it—Hazlitt perceived the gulf between the classicist and romanticist ages, and bridged it. He had penetrated to the sanctuary where Wordsworth mused, had soared with Coleridge among the clouds, and come back to the ground where ordinary men live. He gave currency to a free, expressive, mobile style. He was forceful and provocative without, as a rule, ceasing to be reasonable and urbane, though his attack on *Biographia Literaria* is an example of an unhappy lapse. He may perhaps be said to be the first great man of letters whose mode of thought and style of writing are those of the modern age—or rather, since there have been changes of late, of the age which was modern twenty years ago.

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ANATOMY OF FASCISM

Fascism and Social Revolution. By R. PALME DUTT. *Martin Lawrence.* 5*s.*

Mr. Dutt is our leading native exponent of Marxian social surgery, and in this book—one of the best that has yet appeared on Fascism in English—he has dealt with Fascism as a malignant growth in our decaying capitalist society. The harshest criticism that can be brought against the opening chapters is that, in the matter of style, the author has reproduced so consistently the ugly and often obscure jargon of his school. An example:

> The more and more conscious reactionary role of modern capitalism, and the growing ideological revolt against the machine and sense of antagonism to the development of technique, necessarily expresses itself on a wide front in the entire ideological field.

This kind of writing lessens the effectiveness of a finely documented and tightly reasoned book. It would be ungrateful though to over-emphasise this point; first, because the style improves enormously as Palme Dutt moves from the general, theoretical chapters to the more concrete descriptions of Fascism in Italy, Germany and Austria; and, secondly, because the author's unflagging determination to lay hold of the facts prevents his theoretical phraseology from ever ballooning too far above the solid ground.

What clearly distinguishes this book from the average liberal production is the absence of any defeatism. Palme Dutt always sees Fascism in the dialectical setting of the class struggle. Fascism is never isolated from its political antagonist, the working-class movement.

There are two commonly held views about the nature of Fascism, both based on a theory of the movement's class content. One sees in Fascism a middle-class revolutionary movement fighting its battle for power on two fronts, facing and defeating Bolshevism on the left, facing and defeating monopoly capitalism on the right. The other view, accepted by Dutt and supported in this book by an overwhelming mass of facts, maintains that Fascism is from the outset fostered, nourished, supported and subsidised by financiers and capitalists. Dutt gives the following definition:

> Fascism, in short, is a movement of mixed elements, dominantly *petit bourgeois*, but also slum-proletarian and demoralised working class, financed and directed by finance-capital, by the big industrialists, landlords and financiers, to defeat the working-class revolution and smash the working-class organisations.

This does not mean that there is no "revolutionary" or "socialist" or "radical" element in Fascism. The scientific demagogy characteristic of the movement is based in part on this kind of appeal, just as it is based in part on anti-Semitism, nationalism, and the glorification of war. But the essence of the movement can most clearly be seen by comparing Fascism's programme before attaining power with its performance when in authority—by Hitler's murders of June 30th, by his recent speeches condemning any "second revolution," by the suppression of Trade Unionism and of the right to strike, by the organisation and working of the Italian corporations—its essence is the smashing of working-class organisations in the interests of big business.

Fascism is the political by-product of economic crisis. Dutt rightly calls it the "organisation of capitalism in decay." The National Socialists' vote in Germany illustrates this well. Their vote, which dropped from 1,900,000 to 800,000 between 1924 and 1928, a period of relative economic stability, increased eightfold during the first year of the crisis (6,400,000 in September, 1930), and again more than doubled (to 13,400,000) by the spring of 1932.

In those decisive years (1930–32), when National Socialism was providing itself with a mass basis, the German Social Democratic Party showed a net loss of 1,338,000 votes, and the Communist Party a gain of 1,384,000. The working-class parties, therefore, considered together, stood still while their enemy advanced. In dealing with this point, "the crucial question of the united front," Dutt sometimes seems to be skating on very thin ice in his attempt to allow none of the blame for Hitler's accession to power to fall on the Communist Party. The obstinate persistence of the Communists in the tactic of "united front from below"—departures from this tactic were infrequent and half-hearted—and their insistence to the last that the Social Democracy was the real enemy were certainly important factors making for Hitler's success. Let it, in fairness, be added that neither the record nor the behaviour of the Social Democrats gave the Communists much incentive towards pursuing a conciliatory policy.

It is interesting, though not a matter for surprise, that nowhere in this book does the author refer to Trotsky's writings on the German situation, or the united front, or on anything else.

Two further criticisms may be hazarded. Not enough consideration is given to the technique of "psychological ballyhoo" so effectively employed by Fascism. The activities of Goebbels at the Propaganda Ministry, the attempt to build up psychological autarchy, the superlative demagogy of Hitler's radio speeches have important lessons for us—lessons which Palme Dutt nowhere draws. Finally, the role of the great man, of the leader, in a Fascist movement, is not dealt with; and, while the "great man" as an explanation of history is an exploded fallacy, the relation of "Führer und Volk," is important to an understanding of all Fascist movements.

O. v. d. S.

RE-READING MR. MAUGHAM

Altogether: the Collected Stories of W. Somerset Maugham. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Somerset Maugham thinks that the critics have not given him a square deal, so the thirty stories in this volume are sandwiched between a preface by the author and a reprinted article by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy. The reviewer will find in the preface a warning of what he ought not to say, and in the article, which is almost wholly laudatory, an example of what he ought. The stories themselves are most of them told by a disillusioned man of the world who remains superbly objective in face of cruelty, treachery and murder, but for whom the highbrow is something he resents even more than he does the missionary: something to be treated with not only detestation but contempt. (Indeed "The Creative Instinct" seems to me the weakest story in the volume, in spite of its charming plot, because the author's hatred of highbrows has goaded him into unconvincing caricature.) It is odd that Mr. Maugham, who is, I suppose, the most successful living writer, should let his calm be ruffled by the criticisms of persons he believes to be so petty, gullible and insincere.

> Is one mocked by an elf,
> Is one baffled by toad or by rat?
> The gravamen's in that!

But if one is a highbrow it is little use pretending not to be, even to escape Mr. Maugham's contempt; and so I shall parade the cloven hoof by trying to criticise his stories by the highest standard I know.

In his preface Mr. Maugham implies, I think justly, that the critics have been cold to him largely because his stories derive rather from Maupassant than from the more fashionable Tchehov. (His remarks on these writers reveal him as a most acute critic.) Actually the stories of Tchehov have been too indiscriminately praised: many of them are mere jottings, and both he and Maupassant wrote too much. Mr. Maugham lives much more conscientiously up to his own highest level. To illustrate his methods he transcribes in his preface the working notes, made from observation, on which the story "Rain" was constructed.

Germany Unmasked

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MARTIN HOPKINSON 23 SOHO SQUARE

"They are written in hackneyed and slipshod phrases without grace," he says, "for nature has not endowed me with the happy gift of hitting instinctively upon the perfect word to indicate an object and the unusual, but apt, adjective to describe It." In view of this statement it is interesting to find that in the story itself most of these "hackneyed and slipshod phrases" are repeated without alteration. Mr. Maugham complains that reviewers call his work "competent," and supposes that he is damned with this faint praise because of the definiteness of form in his stories. Lord knows there has rarely been a less incompetent writer, but I think it is true to say that he does not hit, either instinctively or on reflection, the perfect word to indicate an object. It would be difficult to find examples of clumsy writing in Mr. Maugham's late work (though he sometimes trips into such surprising *clichés* as calling a woman "exquisitely gowned"), but it would be equally difficult to find passages in which the words had a life of their own. Possibly a fresher, less business-like style would slacken the pace of the stories by side-tracking the reader's attention from the design to the texture, but I do miss vividness in Mr. Maugham's descriptive passages. After reading many—too many—stories with a Malay setting, I have no clear impression of the atmosphere of Malaya: I have merely become bored with the sarongs and padangs and kampongs which serve for local colour. On the other hand, Mr. Maugham describes persons prodigiously well by the phrases he puts into their mouths. In a scrap of dialogue we have their social background, their pretensions, and the passions they seek to conceal. As a result, when re-reading these stories I have been surprised not by their excellence as stories (which I remembered) but by the suspense in which they held me, although I already knew how they would end. In this respect he beats Maupassant, whose stories depend too often on surprise. For in Maupassant the characters are created for the plot: in Maugham the plot is created by the characters. "Honolulu" is one of the very few stories which are just stories: and afterwards in "P. & O.," where he uses a similar plot, the interest has shifted from the action to the reaction which it has upon the spectators' characters. Very often the point is the revelation of some wholly unexpected trait, a "degrading" passion in an ambassador or a society beauty, or the ability to murder in apparently commonplace persons, as in "The Letter, Before the Party," and "Footprints in the Jungle." Mr. Maugham delights in uncovering the heel of Achilles—that is why he is called a cynic—and there are no wholehearted heroes or villains in his work. His extraordinary knowledge of human beings is like that of an experienced confessor, and as a result of it he is never shocked. This comprehension of the essential piebaldness of human character gives his stories a peculiar virtue. As examples of his method take "Mackintosh" and "The Outstation": in each case two incompatible men are isolated, with the result that one becomes accessory to the other's murder. The murders, though their circumstances are arranged with admirable skill, are merely logical deductions from the confrontation of characters, and the interest of each story lies chiefly not in the violent conclusion but in the subtly stated premises. And in both of them the reader's sympathies are made to waver delicately in the balance by the calculated mixture of qualities in each of the antagonists. Mr. Maugham has developed in the narrow room of the short story a richness of characterisation hardly previously found except in the novel.

Ultimately these stories are the work of a comic writer. "Life is really very fantastic," he says in one of them, "and one has to have a peculiar sense of humour to see the fun of it." Mr. Maugham has this himself. Most of the stories "end unhappily," but they are devised to excite irony rather than pity. Almost the only character treated with tenderness is the scoundrelly old Walker at the end of "Mackintosh," and here the tenderness seems to me just off the note—in fact, to be sentimentality. Yet Rosie in *Cakes and Ale* proves that Mr. Maugham can be tender. In fact, his last two novels show that he is a writer of promise. *Of Human Bondage* is so far his most solid achievement, because of the passion behind it; and I suspect it is a better book than *The Old Wives' Tale*, for instance, or any other of the realistic novels of the decade before the war. But in the meanwhile Mr. Maugham, who is not a natural writer, I think, in the sense of having a gift for handling language as a *matière*, has learnt a great deal about writing; and in *The Narrow Corner* he put his acquired skill to new uses, so that it is probably true to say that his last book was also his most perfect.

Mr. Maugham lacks the gift which is not necessary to immortality but which alone can make it certain: he does not possess a poetic vision of the world. But he has the good taste not to pretend to it, and does not offer us electro-plate in lieu of silver. There are few purple passages in his work, and it would be better if there were none. Though the critics have praised him less than he deserves, the public have appreciated him more than he could reasonably expect, for he has done nothing to placate them: his irony and amorality are the qualities which usually they most dislike. He would wish the critic, I gather, to praise his stories for their shapeliness, and indeed each of these thirty is a model of construction. But I humbly recommend them for what seems to me rarer and more important than shapeliness, for the first and essential literary virtue, a virtue which they possess in the highest degree and the lack of which stamps some supposed masterpieces of form as fraudulent—the power to seize and hold the reader's attention. RAYMOND MORTIMER

A PLEA FOR ANNE BOLEYN

Anne Boleyn: A Study. By PHILIP W. SERGEANT. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Sergeant wrote this biography many years ago. How many, the publishers who now issue a "revised edition" do not tell us. Nor does the author tell us what the revisions are and what, if any, new material he claimed to have used in his original version. The volume comes to us without dates, explanations or bibliography. This would be reasonable enough in the case of those fictional fantasies that represent biography *á la mode*. But Mr. Sergeant sets out to be scholarly. Far from leaning towards a popular style, his narrative is slow, repetitive, involved, and his endeavour to record each movement in the drama often prevents him from uncovering motives which might have summed up pages in a line or two.

This is unfortunate for his purpose, since he appears candidly as an apologist for Anne Boleyn. He argues that Anne was condemned solely by the enemies of her religion, who impugned her morality on account of her Lutheranism. Consequently, the records we have of Anne are hostile, and no historian has troubled to reverse the verdict by an impartial inquiry. Mr. Sergeant, setting out on such an inquiry, was moved in the course of it to drop the impartiality and champion the wronged Queen. His manner of doing so is on the face of it peculiarly honest, for he quotes all the hostile reports that he can find, beginning with that Nicholas Sanders whose libellous stories have long since been discounted. He derives much from the letters of the Spanish Ambassador Chapuys. His Most Catholic Majesty at that time being the nephew of Katherine of Aragon, Chapuys could hardly be expected to support the divorce or to look with favour on Anne, who figures in his despatches as the Lady, or the Concubine, and her daughter Elizabeth as the bastard. In the eyes of Mr. Sergeant it therefore follows, as the night the day, that Chapuys must be false at all times. He thus becomes valuable to Anne's apologist. Similarly, the final indictment against Anne is easily explained as a plot engineered by the villainous Cromwell. "What evidence," asks the author, "was put in to substantiate these egregrious (sic) indictments!" And again the answer is that it is hostile evidence, and not to be believed. But why, if Anne was innocent, were four men sent to the block convicted of adultery, when one alone would have served the purpose of condemning her? Mr. Sergeant's only explanation is that "the widening of the net" (to include Anne's brother Lord Rochford and Thomas Wyatt among the others) "was obviously due to the failure to extract anything except from Smeaton."

All this may be true, but there is a notable absence of positive proof. If Anne had enemies, what about her friends? Could they not have attempted some refutation, if not of the particular charges against her, at least of the general estimate of her character? Mr. Sergeant, discovering no contemporary documents to this effect, conducts a purely negative case. His picture of Anne is equally negative. Throughout his study she seems rather to be represented by counsels for the defence and the prosecution than to be present in the court herself. To sum up briefly, Mr. Sergeant denies all the charges, moral, political and religious, that have been brought against Anne. From her chastity in refusing to become Henry's mistress until just before her marriage he deduces her innocence on the final counts. Yet there is strong evidence that Anne, like others of her family, was a schemer. Discounting the poisoning plot against Katherine and Mary, yet her policy towards them and Wolsey and Rome itself proves her capable of managing her own interests. She was determined to be Queen of England, and no doubt her chastity was maintained with a purpose. Henry tired of her soon enough after the marriage.

It is surprising, by the way, that with all his pleading, Mr. Sergeant cannot explain Anne's love (if such it was) for the monster Henry. At the time of the divorce proceedings Henry, however, was not so monstrous: his keener brutality was to be worked on Anne herself. As for his appearance, the Venetian Ambassador Falier wrote in 1529, "In this Eighth Henry, God has combined such corporeal and intellectual beauty as not merely to surprise but astound all men. . . . His face is angelic rather than handsome; his head imperial and bold." Falier is amazed to see "such singular beauty of person . . . adapting itself with the greatest ease to every manly exercise." Possibly Mr. Sergeant suppressed this estimate that it might be easier to excuse Anne if his plea of innocence failed. His best service in this book is to trace the germs of enmity between the tenacious Mary and her half-sister Elizabeth, both of whom, in the course of Henry's shifting whims and preferences, were shaken by the charge of illegitimacy. In a period where these moral issues raged or lay dormant according to state convenience, an impassioned apology for any of the actors is perhaps superfluous.

SYLVA NORMAN

SHORTER NOTICES

Nursing Home. By PETER DELIUS. *Lovat Dickson.* 7s. 6d.

As It Was In The Beginning. By G. E. TREVELYAN. *Secker.* 7s. 6d.

Nursing Home is exactly the book to read in one if you are the kind of patient who enjoys being optimistically ga-ga for a change. The details seem to be correct and the potted life stories are romantic, with happy and improbable endings, as follows. The villain is run over by a lorry. The General in passing out defeats his grasping aunts. The brilliant surgeon, despised at Oxford for his narrow trousers, is accepted by Society's darling. The orphan is proposed to by an earl. The hero with the too-prominent Adam's-apple achieves bliss with the nicest nurse. And so on. But we are being unfair; because the gossip is really quite amusing, particularly the General's reflections on Nurse Wenn. "Three minutes over, Nurse Wenn ungagged him and held the thermometer to the light, like a hen glad of a new worm."

As It Was in the Beginning is also staged in a nursing home. It is profoundly gloomy, but luckily no more convincing than the other book. An old woman in dying recapitulates her life, harping mainly on a recent affair with a young man who deserted her when the money ran short; her memories recede to the nursery and cease with the experience of birth. The idea of a mind's recession is interesting in itself and the details are interjected with some skill, but the old woman even in the spate of childhood is intolerably boring. Monologues are always difficult to handle.

Religion and the Sciences of Life. By WILLIAM MCDOUGALL. *Methuen.* 8s. 6d.

Morality and Reality. By E. GRAHAM HOWE. *Gerald Howe.* 6s.

These two books—one on the medico-psychological and one on the ethico-psychological basis—should establish, between them, a comprehensive introduction to the psychology of religion. Both discuss the social value of religion. Discussing the morale of the East, Mr. McDougall says that the East has long realised that liberty to indulge every impulse without regard to social consequences is not essential to, does not contribute to, happiness; but that rather happiness is to be found in such willing and enlightened self-discipline as contributes to the general welfare.

America, on the other hand, he considers likely to mar and arrest the development of eugenics by a total lack of moral discipline and a tendency to regard religion out of focus. In his view "religion, evolution, psychic research and eugenic reform" form a quadrilateral of the inseparable qualities that are but four aspects of the same problem—man's place in the universe. He achieves his end in a paragraph which summarises his attitude throughout the whole book: "The most urgent need of our time is, then, a harmonious synthesis of the two systems of ethics, the universal and the national. For both are indispensable. Such a synthesis is not impossible. As the ethics of Nationalism, governing the relations of nation to nation, it must be the foundation of Internationalism."

Though Mr. Graham Howe's work is essentially psychological, the basis of his argument is ethical. He concludes that the scientific search for Reality should include force as well as form—a kind of inward as well as outward approach; and does not shirk the problem of Religion.

About Motoring

PRISON FOR YOU?

EARLY this summer a friend of mine was sentenced to a month's hard labour for a motoring offence, and his driving licence was suspended for two years. The culprit is a public school boy, and attained the rank of major in the war. He received his baptism of fire at Loos, where as a raw subaltern, fresh from school, he

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The story of Chia Ch'ing to whom the English ambassador, Lord Amherst, refused to kowtow in 1816. Chia Ch'ing is the great-great-grandfather of Pu Yi who has just been restored to the throne of Manchuria.

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By A. E. GRANTHAM. 7s. 6d. "Leaves one with the impression that the English have made a colossal mistake about the Chinese. They are a people worth cultivating by our Government."—*Current Literature.*

Manifesto

By H. G. WELLS, C. E. M. JOAD, FRANCIS MEYNELL, CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS, W. O. STAPLEDON, ALLAN YOUNG, W. ARNOLD-FORSTER, J. C. FLUGEL, D. N. PRITT, G. M. BOUMPHREY, A. ROBERTSON and JANET CHANCE. 7s. 6d. "A provocative symposium on vital social issues."—*Daily Herald.*

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Museum Street, London, W.C.1

found himself in momentary command of a battalion through all his brother officers being put out of action. He was himself very severely wounded in the later stages of the battle, and anon learnt to drink rather heavily. After the war, which had deprived him of any normal apprenticeship for a remunerative post, he found employment with a rubber company out East, where he was put in charge of native labour in steamy heat at a considerable distance from his nearest white neighbours. Here he quite naturally continued to drink. When rubber slumped, he was axed. After prolonged periods of temporary employment and unemployment at home, he eventually secured a good opening as a travelling salesman with the use of a car. His clients were wealthy people, who recognising him as a sahib often invited him to dinner or to cocktails. The result was that twice within seven days he was stopped by the police for being drunk in charge of a car. He was fined on the first occasion, and sent to prison for the second offence.

The public reactions to this small personal tragedy in the circle where the offender is known have been rather interesting. They are practically limited to a fierce class resentment. X is an officer and a gentleman. "Why, damme, he went to the same school as my son!" The chairman of the bench which sentenced X to hard labour happened to be a self-made man. I should estimate that he would vote for any political party which taxed his profits least heavily. "The fellow is a d——d Red! Pretty pass the country's coming to, when Bolshies like him can send our sons to gaol." It does not seem to have occurred to local society that if a citizen endangers human life by criminal recklessness, his parentage and education hardly affect the matter, except in the sense of increasing culpability when the offender has enjoyed rather exceptional advantages. In so far as it is possible to estimate human blame, he is more guilty rather than the driver of a No. 11 bus or of an express train, whose insobriety should provoke a collision. The form in which local indignation has been expressed is frankly ludicrous. It does not follow that the indignation itself is not entirely justified, and deserves to be expressed in a more logical form. The nation snatches a lad from school at an age when cricket and calf love would be his natural methods of self-expression, and plunges him into a blood bath. This plunge was compulsory and inevitable, though X's introduction to warfare was a monumental example of idiocy in high places—all the world knows to-day how deplorably the reserves were handled at Loos. This lad, shattered in body and nerves, is then constrained to company for three or four years with other men whose nerves are in a similar pathological condition, many of whom are resorting to whiskey as an anodyne. When the nightmare of war ends he is relegated to a hell of a different kind, but of almost equal intensity, for an isolated plantation with no white companions is obviously the last place which could cure him. In due course this second hell fizzles out through the slump in rubber, and our hero is then condemned by our scientifically organised society to a third hell, that of sponging on an impoverished and widowed mother, tramping the streets in threadbare garments cut by a good tailor, begging work from contemptuous and cunning snobs, trying to sell vacuum cleaners to people who do not want vacuum cleaners, living days of idleness with a terrible thirst gnawing at his throat. This third hell in turn is transformed to a fourth hell, where in silence and solitude, clad in rough garments, fed on a rough diet planned to emasculate his virility, he tears soft hands on useless drudgery. His fifth hell? Its doors have yet to open. It may be as foul as the four hells through which he has already passed. It might even turn out to be some unexpected heaven, though this is hardly probable.

There is an old maxim that the law which caters for hard cases is a bad law. That is probably true. It is equally true that the legal system which cannot differentiate between the rogue and the victim is a bad system. I, personally, believe that the governing motive of the last Road Traffic Act was sound. Previous policies of road control had appealed to the common sense, the self-interest, and the altruism of motorists, and this triple appeal had notoriously failed. The weekly holocaust had become appalling. So in effect the nation sternly addresses its motor drivers:—"Very well. If you ignore our pleadings, perhaps you will attend to our threats." Hitherto, a sober, honest, moral citizen had never faced any serious risk of imprisonment. Under the Act the prison doors were brought within the purview of any person who took control of a motor vehicle on public roads. This unprecedented policy has so far had very little effect, because we have grown into a nation of motorists, our motoring laws are administered by motorists, and in the mind of every motoring magistrate on the bench there is a reflection "I may be the next," and he substitutes a fine or the suspension of licences for imprisonment whenever he can. Under Home Office pressure the policy is now being tightened up, and rightly so. Nothing less will intimidate motorists into driving with real restraint. So far X has no just cause for complaint.

It is *qua* dipsomaniac, and not *qua* motorist, that he actually commands our sympathy. No psychologist and no physician would assert for one moment that a month's hard labour is fair, wise, or promising treatment for a man with X's antecedents. A scientifically organised nation would very probably ordain periods of compulsory detention for men who indulge in occasional bouts of heavy drinking. Such detentions—to be effective—would have to be far longer than one month; they might even be scaled in terms of years rather than of months. These victims almost invariably put up a manful and pathetic fight against their weakness with little if any help from society; but, as the factor of prolonged compulsory abstention is absent, they seldom emerge victorious. Such detentions, to be effective, would have to be spent under conditions which did not provoke bitterness, depression, humiliation and resentment. Personal co-operation would have to be evoked if the fettered victim were to stand any hope of freedom. If X is now ushered into a fifth hell, and succumbs therein, his grave should exhibit the epitaph, "Here lies an innocent victim of English society in the twentieth century!"

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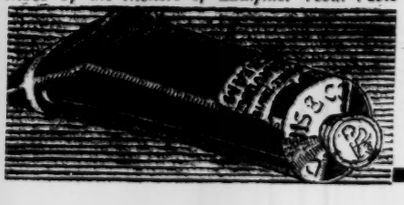

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Week-end Competitions

No. 232

Set by Gerald Bullett

In THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of August 11, on page 181, there appeared an admirable poem by A. V. Stuart in which a "lone gaunt spinster," in whose mind burns the true poetic fire

of Shakespeare and Milton, is accorded homage at the expense of a more transient beauty :

> I looked at the girls, with their silken curls tossing,
> Their redder lips than nature, their bright eyes of desire.
> O brief is your springtime (I thought), my blossomy darlings,
> But hers the authentic, the undying fire.

One reader of this poem was moved to say to himself : " Yes, that is true and wise enough. And yet . . ." For an amplification of that *and yet*, in the form of either one or at most two additional stanzas in the same measure, we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea. Poetry is asked for, not facetiousness. It is not necessary that the words " And yet . . ." should occur.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, August 31.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 230

Set by Guy Hadley

In the middle of Piccadilly a friend informs you, with excessive satisfaction, that he or she is " just off to Dalmatia for about six weeks." Your own holiday has been confined to a fortnight in January. Disregard the traffic and point out to this friend the peculiar joys of London in August, limiting your reply to 300 honeyed words. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

Report by Guy Hadley

I expected this competition to be almost as much a study in hypocrisy as a research into the pleasures of London in August. Methought the speakers should protest too much, concealing a pardonable degree of envy, hatred and malice. I hoped for colloquial entries which I could imagine being spoken, or rather shouted, in the din of Piccadilly ; and I hoped, too, for rarer sweets than the Proms. and the Test Match.

A number of entries were weighty essays, such as the *Times* might publish if it were to conduct a " Come to London " campaign. The field was easily reduced to ten. L. M., in a racy survey of London life, suggested a score of novel activities : " Push a barrow in Whitechapel, spend a week-end in a Kensington nursing home. And widen your sex life. Is passion in Eltham the same as at Dollis Hill ? " And are all these things peculiar to August ? I hope not. A. M. Dumbell and René Levy were lively and original. Allan M. Laing anticipated objections to trippers. Rozanne made a perfect opening : " Dear me, Angela, fancy your going off like that ! " but failed to keep it up. James Hall and Robert O'Shay showed the folly of disregarding the Piccadilly traffic ; the former's hero got off with a crushed foot, but the latter's was the subject of a coroner's inquest. Notler was heroic in couplets :

> " I'll sit in clubs unbadger'd and recline
> Shameless upon the banks of Serpentine. . . .
> And when this month has yielded to September
> I'll want no Cine-Kodak to remember. . . ."

Catharine's entry put me in a devilish quandary. It was easily the best, and it exceeded the limit by twelve thrice-counted and accursed words. After a struggle I decided to publish this fact and by condoning it to risk a lynching. Augustine is a good second with a much slighter entry. (Will he please send his address ?)

FIRST PRIZE

Oh you're off to Dalmatia ? Well, of course, that'll be delightful, won't it ? Of course, it means you'll be missing most of the Proms, but I daresay you think it's worth it. *Personally*, I always think this is the time of year one really *sees* London ; not the London of the casual country cousin, of course, but the *real* London that one only gets to know if one stays up when other people are going off globe-trotting. I mean, there's so much *character* about the faces you see—What ?—Well yes, of course, there are a few niggers about, but I daresay they'll be fairly dusky where *you're* going, dearest. And then they're going to floodlight the Zoo—my dear, *penguins* processing down those lovely whorls in a green glow—but I suppose I oughtn't to gloat, ought I ? Still I do think Regent's Park altogether is just at its best now—I

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From a Hudson's Bay Post in the Western Arctic District.

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mean, those lovely boats with tawny sails, and the most exotic-looking flowers—begonias and things, you know. I always think daffodils and things are a bit *unsophisticated*, don't you? And those scarlet geraniums and gladiolas outside the Palace are so jungular and gorgeous; I expect the flowers in Dalmatia will all be rather dead by now, won't they? Hasn't it been marvellously cool this last week? Edward says he's sure it's going to last a month at least—all cool and grey and fresh. I always think London looks its *best* in that sort of weather, don't you? My dear, I hope you're going to be very careful about sunstroke and malaria and typhoid and so on? Just take *oceans* of quinine and *bales* of topees because, darling, Dalmatia in August is absolutely stewing, everyone says so. Still I suppose you've made up your minds, and I expect Walter could only get off in August, couldn't he?

SECOND PRIZE

AUGUSTINE: I adore London in August because London isn't London then, nor August August.

FRIEND: ??

AUGUSTINE: London is a little forlorn, less self-assertive. It's a child whose mother is away and it's a bit homesick. And August here is simply the poor relation to brassy seaside Augusts or grouse-shooting ones. But a charming poor relation, look at its clothes!

FRIEND: !!

AUGUSTINE: Pearl grey and amber with a flash of jade over the Thames. I wish I had a bungalow on Hammersmith Bridge, just to let in the sunsets. . . . You think far fields are always green, but the green ones are those who seek far fields. Columbus never knew a sharper joy than the August prowler in London who finds some empty square that wears a new and becoming face because of its emptiness.

And then, Friend, there is the fun of watching overseas visitors sniffing London for the first time in all their superiority, nor shall I forget the tail end of the Summer Sales; I adore them, I do, and the slightly shop-soiled air of everything and everybody.

Send me a p.c. of Dalmatia all the same.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 87.—DR. SPAIRTHEROD.

The twenty-six boys of Doctor Spairtherod's class took an exam. in Latin and Greek.

Ten was the maximum mark in Latin and ten the maximum in Greek. And to pass the examination a boy had to obtain ten marks in all.

"Listen, boys," said the kindly Doctor, before the examination began, "I've thought up a little scheme of pecuniary rewards which I hope will encourage you all. It is designed, too, to make due allowance for your varying capacities. To each boy that passes, I shall give a sum of money calculated on the following basis. One penny, or a multiple of one penny, for each mark the boy obtains in Latin, plus one penny, or a multiple of one penny, for each mark that he obtains in Greek. What I'm trying to imply is"—he went on, as the boys looked rather dazed—"that for any particular boy the amount earned by each mark obtained in Latin will be the same, and the amount earned by each mark obtained in Greek will be the same. But both amounts will vary from boy to boy."

All the boys passed the examination. All did better in Latin than in Greek. All obtained the same total mark. And each received from Dr. Spairtherod the sum of 8*s.* 5*d.*

Yet the two component parts of that 8*s.* 5*d.*—the amounts paid to each boy in respect of Latin and Greek respectively—were in no two cases the same.

How much, in all, did the Doctor pay out in respect of Latin, and how much in respect of Greek?

PROBLEM 85.—THE LOTTERY TICKETS

Caliban is away on holiday; solution of this problem is therefore held over until his return.

PROBLEM 84.—KIND DR. PEDDERGOGG.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: R. S. Atkins, 25 Ellesmere Road, Chiswick, W.4.

There were 107 correct solutions.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

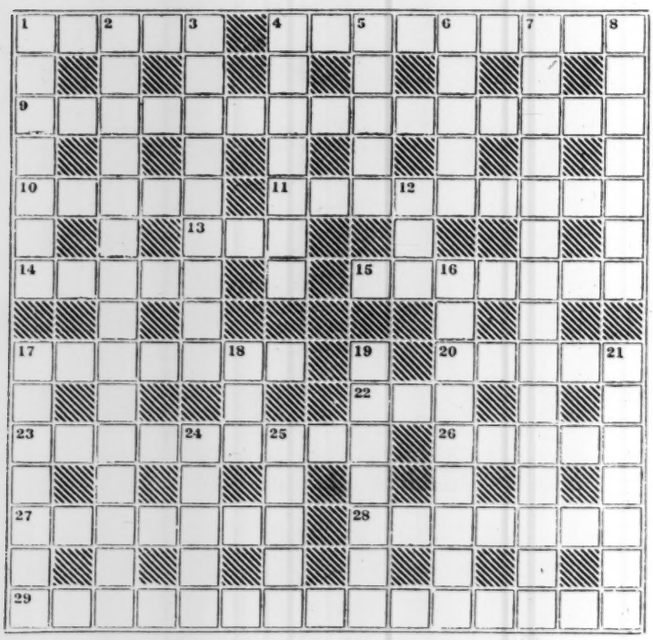
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 233

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S

The winner of last week's crossword is Miss Roberts, 26 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10.

ACROSS

1. A good fictitious colour.
4. Amphibious means of transport?
9. The cream of the day in Irish greeting.
10. Well, it doesn't go round even outside of Scotland.
11. What B.Fs. are alleged to do to those who disturb them.
13. An army that could quickly be turned into an air force.
14. He cheated his son-in-law into doing overtime.
15. The point of such writings is intended for cobblers.
17. Blissful hidden admonition to the sluggard.
20. Dogs Latin for beaters.
22. Musician's pick-me-up.
23. Unwilling creeper to instruction.
26. There's the anaesthetic.
27. The sort of film that deprives one of polish.
28. What one can work at when one isn't pushed.
29. Aquatic joy rides.

DOWN

1. Kerchiefs used to be in expectation of gallant response.
2. A policeman among trees?
3. Palmy marks thrown to the drowning.
4. Bleats about a joint in western isles.
5. Libyan Jupiter suggests that he's a Scotsman.
6. With Rima produces an Italian triplet.
7. A light in Kirriemuir.
8. Obtains a firearm up above.
12. City Company whose livery is the King's.
16. Perhaps this Frenchman made his place wealthy in order to live up to his name.
17. Place for transporting pick-me-up.
18. Fishy part of 10.
19. Describes poetry of knightly exploits.
21. Made a sporting grocer famous.
24. Put me among the Old Merchant Taylors.
25. Through the middle of it flows the Ganges.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

F L S L E S B
COLINCLOUT LARK
I N A N I I I
SLUGABED COPECK
E B O E S K
NUTRIA NARCHILE
S R C O A
SEASIDEHOLIDAYS
F H A A E
SUBAHDAR MASORA
L R A I B C
SNIPER VIAMEDIA
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The Fabian Society

FRIENDS' HALL LECTURES

(Please note change of Hall)

Autumn, 1934

THE Autumn course of lectures will be held this year in the Friends' Hall, Euston Road, N.W.1, on six successive Thursday evenings, beginning on Thursday, October 25th, at 8.30. The general title of the course will be "Socialism, Democracy, Dictatorship." The dates, subjects and lecturers arranged are as follows:—

1. Thursday, 25th October. **"THE REVOLT AGAINST REASON."**
   Chairman: MR. G. R. BLANCO WHITE.
   Lecturer: MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL.

2. Thursday, 1st November. **"FREEDOM, AUTHORITY AND EMPIRE."**
   Chairman: DR. T. DRUMMOND SHIELS.
   Lecturer: SIR NORMAN ANGELL.

3. Thursday, 8th November. **"LIBERTY AND THE PLANNED STATE."**
   Chairman: MISS HELEN KEYNES.
   Lecturer: SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, K.C., M.P.

4. Thursday, 15th November. **"THE WORLD FRAMEWORK OF FREEDOM."**
   Chairman: MR. IVOR THOMAS.
   Lecturer: MR. P. NOEL BAKER.

5. Thursday, 22nd November. **"THE ANTI-FEMINIST REACTION."**
   Chairman: MISS A. SUSAN LAWRENCE.
   Lecturer: MISS ELLEN WILKINSON.

6. Thursday, 29th November. **"THE RIGHT TO CRITICISE."**
   Chairman: DR. ERIC FLETCHER, L.C.C.
   Lecturer: PROFESSOR H. J. LASKI.

Admission will be by ticket for the course, which can be applied for at once, or for each lecture separately. As the accommodation is limited, preference will be given to applicants for tickets for the whole course. Applications for single tickets will therefore be reserved until October 15th, 1934, after which the remaining seats will be allotted according to priority of application.

The price of tickets for numbered and reserved stalls is one guinea for the course of six, or five shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back stalls and front rows of gallery seats, twelve shillings for the course, or three shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back rows of stalls and gallery, six shillings for the course, or one shilling and sixpence for a single lecture.

Applications for tickets should be sent to the Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, Westminster, S.W.1